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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

LADY ROSAMUND FOLJAMBE.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Rosamund Sylvia Diana Mary Foljambe	935, 936
Rival Programmes. (Lender)	936
Country Notes	937
Loneliness, by Isabel Butchart	938
In Dorset Dear, by Fay Inchfawn	938
American and English Polo. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour)	939
Exhibition of British Deer, by Frank Wallace. (Illustrated)	942
Serial Story: Notwithstanding, by Mary Cholmondeley. (Continued)	945
The Secretary Bird, by Charles P. Horsburgh. (Illustrated)	947
In the Garden: The Rockfoils or Saxifrages. (Illustrated)	948
The Waterways of Holland. (Illustrated)	949
Country Home: Wingfield Castle. (Illustrated)	952
Wild Country Life, by Seton Gordon	958
Notes on the Woods of Culford Hall, by R. A. Dummer. (Illustrated)	959
Literature	961
The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1818-1873; Peacock Pie (Walter de la Mare); A Hand Book of Forestry (W. P. Hudson); The Loire (Douglas Goldring); Joyous Gard, The Silent Isle (A. C. Benson); The Story of Mary Dunne (M. E. Francis).	
The President of the Royal as Farmer. (Illustrated)	963
On the Green: The Open Championship, by Bernard Darwin; etc. (Illustrated)	966
Correspondence	968
Kingfishers and Trout (Horace G. Hutchinson); An Ancient Fishing Industry; Ratcatching Foxes (F. Lumbers); A Popular Building Site (T. H. Dipnall); Stags in North Harris (Sir Samuel Scott); Profitable Rabbit-farming (Frederic Lees); A Tame Thrush (M. S. Hamilton); A Pug-nosed Trout (Sydney H. Smith); A Plague of Slugs; A Combative Shag (Eleanor Shiffner); White-headed Blackbird (Dr. Francis Heatherley); Georgian Houses in America (Walter Forbes Miller); A Devastating Storm (E. L'Estrange Malone); A Fisherman Born: Protective Coloration of the Mouths of Nestling Birds (W. R. Butterfield).	
Racing Notes. (Illustrated)	3*
Country Buildings of To-day: The Stables at Park House, Market Harborough. (Illustrated)	7*
Polo Notes	11*
The International Horse Show. (Illustrated by Lionel Edwards)	12*
Agricultural Notes	18*
The Automobile World: Random Comment, etc. (Illustrated)	20*
Shooting Notes	20*
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	33*
An Historic Bedstead. (Illustrated)	36*
Our Distant Empire: Farming in Central Alberta	38*
For Town and Country. (Illustrated)	42*

. With this number of COUNTRY LIFE is published an illustrated Architectural Supplement.

RIVAL PROGRAMMES.

DURING the past week two pronouncements of great importance to the landed interest have been made. One of them was the speech of Lord Lansdowne at Matlock Bath, in which he set forth the Unionist land policy. The other is an evidently inspired article in the *Daily Chronicle*, in which the Parliamentary Correspondent gives the main points of the proposals which Mr. Lloyd George is going to campaign in favour of next autumn. These two rival policies ought to be discussed by reasonable men with as little prejudice as possible, and a desire to recognise anything in either of them which will improve the rural situation. It is perhaps natural that criticism should take the form of enquiring about Lord Lansdowne's programme, Is it sufficient? and about Mr. Lloyd George's, Does it go too far? The moderate man will probably reply to the former of these queries with a negative, and to the latter with an affirmative.

Let us take Lord Lansdowne's case first. He recognises clearly that the grievances to be remedied are chiefly the low wages of the agricultural labourers and the migration from the country districts. Lord Lansdowne has our complete sympathy in his declaration: "I shall never say a word in derogation of the old British system of landlord and tenant as we have known it in past years. Where that system is properly

administered, I do not think you can have a better one." He further declared, "the system has stood the trial of adversity very well. It has led to excellent cultivation, and it has been vindicated by every Committee and Commission of Enquiry which has taken place with regard to our agricultural affairs." Now, if there is any substance in the present agitation, if there is any real grievance on the part of a class dependent on agriculture, then so far the landlord and tenant system deserves consideration, with a view, not by any means to its abolition, but its amendment. In one respect it has failed very badly, and that is in the provision of cottages. Lord Lansdowne practically admits as much when he goes on to argue that "advances for the purposes of house-building should be made at the lowest possible rates which the Government could afford, not only to local bodies—county councils, district councils and so on—but to private associations and private individuals. . . ." This is an admission that the system has broken down in a very important point, and we venture to suggest that here Lord Lansdowne, for whose authority we have the greatest respect, does not go quite far enough. He will not counterbalance the bid of his rivals by asking loans for house-building from the Government. It would be much more generous, and in the end far wiser and more economical, if Lord Lansdowne would say to the class to which he belongs: "This building of cottages for agricultural labourers is our business. We are not going to be mere receivers of rent, but must justify our existence by the part we play in the rural economy." In other words, the landowner should not depend on external assistance for the equipment of his estate. He should do it himself. It is unnecessary to say that this is the cardinal point in the programme laid down by the Unionist leader. The other proposals do not amount to more than a repetition. The glamour of occupying ownership does not promise to last very long except in districts specially adapted to it; and co-operation and rural credit are things we all admire but do not wax enthusiastic over.

Now let us turn to the proposals which the Parliamentary Correspondent of our contemporary gives as those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The difficulty here is to penetrate the generalities and get some concrete idea of the "bold scheme of rural housing" over which Mr. Runciman is said to be brooding at the present moment. The idea, we are told, "is to provide cottages with a plot of land attached, letting at rents which, while economic, would be within reach of the agricultural labourer. It is intended to work the scheme on national lines, the cottages to be built after a uniform plan." Upon this paragraph our comment is that the provision of cottages with a plot of land attached is in every sense admirable; the rest is not so. The word "economic" is used with an evident misunderstanding of the meaning of the word or of its application. Nothing would be more regrettable than that a vast number of cottages should be built on a uniform plan. As long as there is variety in human individuality, in climate, in landscape, in soil and in building material, we hope there will be variety in cottages. The idea of the country-side being dotted with little houses built on a uniform plan fills one with doubt and distrust. At the best it is a slavish copying of what has been done in Ireland; but the English peasant is in a position very different from those who used to live in the unspeakable hovels of Connemara. The rest of the communication shows a very decided leaning towards land nationalisation. The Parliamentary Correspondent writes: "The bounds of national ownership are steadily being widened. Since Mr. Runciman has been at the Board of Agriculture no less a sum than £300,000 has been spent on the purchase of land." One would think from the language used that the Government meditated buying up the land of England in blocks; but, of course, the outlay of £300,000 on land is a matter of no importance whatever. Mr. J. H. Green has recently adduced examples of farms held direct from the Government where the rent has been increased, in one case from £86 to £170; in another from £183 to £352; and in a third from £230 to £344. This is the real check upon the policy of State purchase. Instead of lightening the burden of rent, its tendency has been to increase it.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration this week is of Lady Rosamund Sylvia Diana Mary Foljambe, daughter of the first Earl of Liverpool and half-sister of the present Earl.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except where direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES.



IN our Architectural Supplement this week Mr. Lawrence Weaver gives a full account of the competition for designs of a house to be built in Sussex. We are safe in saying that no competition of greater importance has ever been held, and, what is of more importance, it has met with the success not only of attracting a large number of architects, but of inducing them to give of their very best. The first prize was won by Mr. W. Curtis Green, an architect who is young but cannot be termed unknown, since he has just been elected President of the Architectural Association. We congratulate that body on their choice. Mr. Curtis Green will now be asked to translate theory into practice, since he will have the building of the mansion he has designed. The second prize is awarded to Mr. Cyril A. Farey, the third to Mr. A. Winter Rose, and the fourth to Messrs. Geoffry Lucas and Arthur Lodge. A glance at the designs reproduced in the Supplement will convince every reader of taste that English architecture is making a great advance. They afford evidence and to spare of the wealth of young English architects who possess originality that does not run to fad and caprice, but is controlled and guided by the tradition and principles of their noble art.

It was largely due to the informal visits of Edward the Peacemaker to Paris that the *entente cordiale* became possible. The understanding was strengthened by such reciprocal courtesies as the visit of M. Fallières a few years ago, and will be rendered still more enduring by M. Poincaré's reception. The most important event of the present brilliant London season is the visit of M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic. He is the representative of a nation to which we are bound by a special friendship, and if he were coming simply on his own account he carries in the records of his past career distinctions which would entitle him to a reception such as is accorded only to the illustrious. He has gathered laurels at the Bar as well as in politics, and in letters he is capable of winning his way to the front among any competitors. M. Poincaré is, in fact, a great man, and he represents a great nation. His visit is said to have no political object, but it must contribute in no mean degree to cement the bonds of friendship uniting Great Britain to France.

Some very striking facts were adduced by Mr. Lloyd George in his speech at the meeting of the International Road Congress. He recalled the fact that in the eighteenth century Great Britain was very ill-supplied with roads. It had bridle tracks, deep and dangerous ruts, but no real roads. Bridges were equally scarce, and during floods many towns were completely isolated. What gave a fillip to road construction was the coaching movement. England has always been a very practical nation, and, just as the Romans built roads because they needed them for military purposes, so construction took place when it was required for coaching. In our day a new necessity has arisen through the popularity of the motor vehicle for purposes both of pleasure and business. There are now some 220,000 motors on the roads, and the expense of the upkeep of the roads has risen enormously. It has, in fact, doubled in twenty years. Mr. Lloyd George recalled a time, some twenty or thirty years ago, when the highways of England seemed to be forgotten. Even the

great main roads saw only an occasional waggon passing along. The passenger traffic had all gone to the railways, and so had the goods. Many who are not exactly old can still remember the strings of coal-carts and lime-carts that used to be met. Coal soon came to be transported by railway, and lime ceased to be used on the land. The carrier's cart also ceased on the great thoroughfares, although as an institution it still lingers in out-of-the-way corners. There was stagnation till, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, came the revolution of the pneumatic tire, "and the old roads filled with dust and delight once more."

On Wednesday the Exhibition of the Heads of British Deer was formally opened at the Gallery of the Royal Water Colour Society, and before these pages are in the hands of our readers many of them will have seen for themselves this most interesting collection. Hung by experts of the firm of Rowland Ward and arranged by Mr. Wallace, the enthusiastic honorary secretary, the heads form a very beautiful as well as a most instructive exhibition. Even those who do not shoot are furnished with an unexampled opportunity of familiarising themselves with the various forms assumed by the antlers of deer. As they are grouped according to species, the radical difference can be seen at a glance, ranging as they do from the small but exquisite heads of the roebuck up to the magnificent horns developed by red deer after having been transplanted to New Zealand. They are placed side by side with a group of the best specimens of the heads of their progenitors, the English park red deer. The heads of the Highland stags are most fascinating, and as long as the exhibition is open, that is till July 3rd, sportsmen are sure to discuss the rival merits of those famous trophies, many of which are now shown to the public for the first time.

LONELINESS.

You build a shrine,
And set me up, beloved, in your heart,
For evermore to dwell as one apart—
Almost divine.

Dear, could you know
That I, your idol, have but feet of clay,
That I, like others, stumble by the way,
'Twere better so.

If I should speak
To you, who kneel adoring by my throne,
To tell you I am tired and alone
And very weak,

Might I step down
To love and suffer humbly by your side,
To live the common life so long denied,
And yield my crown?

ISABEL BUTCHART.

We are indebted to a correspondent for what seems to be a very practicable and wise suggestion. It is that the Royal Horticultural Society should open the gardens at Wisley to the public on Sundays. That this proposal should be made is in itself a tribute to the skill with which this interesting garden is managed. An increasing number of people intelligently watch the progress of the various experiments and tests carried out there, and also criticise and learn from such practical adaptations of horticultural art as may be seen in the rock garden. Surely, as our correspondent says, "it is not asking too much of a wealthy society like the Royal Horticultural to open Wisley to its members at the same hours as Kew is open to the public." We cannot very well see what objection can be made to this. It is admitted on all hands that it is right and proper to open museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoon, and this in itself is a good argument for offering the public the equally innocent and healthier pleasure of sauntering in Wisley Gardens during the same hours.

On Monday afternoon an experiment that would have delighted the late Mr. Andrew Lang was successfully attempted in the Steinway Hall by a lady who chooses to be known as Miss Delphine Gray. This was the recitation, among other pieces, of several famous Scottish ballads, such as "Annie of Lochroyan," "The Wife of Usher's Well," "The Cruel Brother" and "Sir Patrick Spens." To one who remembers an infancy during which an aged crone repeated these ballads in a sing-song that was halfway between a recitation and a chant, Steinway

Hall furnished a very striking contrast. Instead of lisping children for an audience, there was a hall filled with fashionable Londoners; instead of the grey-haired, toothless crone, with a harsh Border accent, there were the grace and beauty of youth and a voice flexible and cultivated, clear and low like that of a great actress. Yet somehow the effect was the same. That most pathetic story of "Annie of Lochroyan," recited with the simplicity of high culture, made the same direct appeal to the humanity of those who heard it as it did in almost forgotten days, when delivered with the simplicity of ignorance to the simplest hearers.

We have known many a year of heavier hay crop than the present, but we shall not very easily call to mind a summer in which the fields of mowing grass have been so beautiful and so varied in their colour. There has been far more than the usual blend of golden buttercup, white and star-like ox-eye daisies, ruddy sorrel and brighter red ragged robin mingling with the green carpet—all swaying in perpetual movement and change of hue under the wind. The "Pageant of Summer" in fields and woodlands has never been more glorious, the purple spikes of the foxgloves striking splendid notes of colour in all the hedges. It is a peculiar feature of the year that the foliage of all kinds has been remarkably full and fine, and has been followed, in most cases, by an abundant bloom; but with the bloom the abnormal production has been arrested very sharply, and the fruits of the earth, whether wild or cultivated, are not generally showing signs of even coming up to their usual standard of size or quality.

It is curious how cheap our ancestors held the flesh of the hare for human food, and even regarded it as neither wholesome nor palatable for their dogs. The rabbit they thought of much more highly, and the author of the "Gentleman's Recreations" has more to say in favour of the flesh of the squirrel than of the hare. "The Flesh of a Hare," says this old writer, "will make a Dog Heart-sick; but it is otherwise with the Flesh of a Stag, or any other Deer, for that agrees very well with them, and to say truth, the Flesh of a Hare is not very good for Man, being dry and hard of Digestion, breeding Melancholy Blood; but Leverets or young Hares are good and nourishing." Of the "Squirrel," as he writes of it, on the other hand, he says that "Hunting the Squirrel affords excellent pastime, and not without some profit; for both the Flesh and the Skin is useful, the former being good Meat and the latter an excellent Fur." The rabbit is equally praised, by the name of Coney, which, "though it yield not so great pleasure in hunting as the Hare, as being endowed with none of those slights and cunning; yet it is of greater profit, both in regard of their Flesh and their Skins, which excel those of the Hare."

J. H. Taylor is like a hardy plant that shows brave and flourishing when more delicate seedlings cower under the storm. That is one substantial reason why he was able to win the Open Golf Championship at Hoylake in the worst weather experienced since 1896. Torrents of rain, cross-winds and hurricanes seem only to have acted as stimulants to his resolution and whets to his skill. All honour to him for his victory. Like Harry Vardon and James Braid, he can now claim to have won his fifth championship. Edward Ray was placed second, and his getting so far forward under the circumstances shows, if that were necessary, that it was sterling merit and not mere luck that enabled him to win the championship last year. Vardon was only two points behind, and after him came Moran from Dublin—a name less familiar in English golfing circles. Fifth in the list was J. J. McDermott, an American competitor from Atlantic City, U.S.A. He proved to be a most formidable candidate, and his place would have been much higher but for a bad third round. Very much sympathy must be felt with Braid, who was severely handicapped by his eye trouble. To have done as well as he did exemplified once more his skill and dogged courage. The golf throughout was of a very high order, though we wish the amateurs had been able to give a better account of themselves.

It seems rather astonishing that the long-bowmen of England should have gained the victories and won the fame in story that they did achieve, seeing that their bows were of the yew tree, which it is not to be supposed would carry the arrow much more than half the distance of the composite bows used by some of the Oriental nations. An illustration in point was afforded by the results of the long-distance archery at the recent meeting at Le Touquet, where Mr. Simon of the Royal Toxophilite Society shot an arrow from an old Turkish bow, made of buffalo horn and strengthened with sinew, 459yds. 8in. Without flagrant exaggeration we may call this 460yds. With a yew bow, on the other hand, the longest

shot was but a little over two hundred and thirty-six yards—only a little more than half as far. All the horn and sinew bows with which the very long shots are made seem to be weapons to which the age of two or three hundred years is ascribed, and both the bows which Mr. Simon used were of this approximate date of manufacture. Had our long-bowmen come into contact with Turkish archers thus equipped, it is hard to conceive that they would have stood much chance against this farther-reaching artillery.

The *Daily Telegraph* is a great newspaper, and for half a century Mr. Le Sage has been one of its most notable prophets. It was very fit and becoming, therefore, that the staff should celebrate his jubilee in the English manner by giving a dinner to their chief. He himself provided the best of the entertainment in a speech of the most amusing reminiscences. There was a great deal of truth in the saying attributed to Edmund Yates that the organ of which Mr. Le Sage has been so long a vital part existed chiefly because it could always put into words the thoughts of the man on the knife-board of the omnibus. To adapt this word of wisdom to modern conditions, Mr. Harry Lawson said that to-day Mr. Le Sage could always tell what was the thought and feeling of the strap-hanger in the electric Underground. That, indeed, is the great fact about Mr. Le Sage—he knows what the ordinary average London citizen is interested in. But all the same, his life has not been without more active adventures. His memory goes back to a time when news sagged into the newspaper office through the slow medium of letters. At the first elections he was called upon to report, the candidates spoke from hustings and the figures of the poll were declared every half-hour. His enterprise served the paper well on many a great occasion, such, for instance, as the Siege of Paris in the Franco-German War, when, by getting a special train through to Lille, he got the news of the entrance of the German Army out first. His is the story of one of the most notable journalists of his time.

IN DORSET DEAR.

In Dorset Dear they're making hay
In just the old West Country way.
With fork and rake and old-time gear
They make the hay in Dorset Dear.
From early morn till twilight grey
They toss and turn and shake the hay.
And all the countryside is gay
With roses on the fallen may,
For 'tis the hay-time of the year
In Dorset Dear.

The loaded waggons wend their way
Across the pasture-lands, and stay
Beside the hedge where foxgloves peer;
And ricks that shall be fashioned here
Will be the sweetest stuff, they say,
In Dorset Dear!

FAY INCHFAWN.

In the discussions which have been going on about the two-fold nature of the lawyer and the politician, the point to a considerable extent has been missed. In the individual who is at one and the same time a Member of Parliament and a lawyer, one set of faculties must predominate over the other. A lawyer is great because he can throw himself heart and soul into any case in the belief that his highest duty is to find and say the best for his client. It is not his part to weigh merit and demerit. The advocate on the other side and the judge will do that between them. If he is a born lawyer, a man with a genius for this kind of work, it is quite certain that in time a mental habit will be formed in which prepossession and even conviction will be regarded as mere obstacles to successful advocacy. But although mental detachment and impartiality may make of him a great advocate and even a great judge, they unfit him for political leadership, which demands high enthusiasm more than unbiassed judgment, and blind faith more than instinct for a fetching argument. On the other hand, suppose a man to start with the education and training of a lawyer, he is well equipped for the battle of life, and should he develop political qualities of the highest order, it is very unlikely that he will at the same time be an illustrious member of the legal profession. The moral from this complex argument is the very simple one that there may be too many lawyers in the House of Commons. A man is either one thing or another. If super-eminent at pleading, his place is at the bar; if a champion of causes more than a dexterous advocate, by all means have him in the House of Commons.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH POLO.

THE FIRST MATCH.

WE have just received from Mr. Armour his sketches of the first match and the following notes:

New York, June 13th.

"It may be of slight interest if I send you just a word or two of my impression of the game. Fortunately, betting is not an important matter in regard to polo, but as an indication of the public opinion I may mention that our team were favourites at two to one and thereabouts, and the result came as a great surprise to many here. This arose, no doubt, partly from the fact that all the practice games had gone very much in their favour. Those in the inner circle, however, knew that the practice games had not been true as a line to go by, as in most cases the team opposing our men had

of their form, and our men did not. The defenders went 'all out' from the very start, and managed to hit three goals in little more than as many minutes. It certainly was startling, and our team seemed for the time being quite unable to stop them.

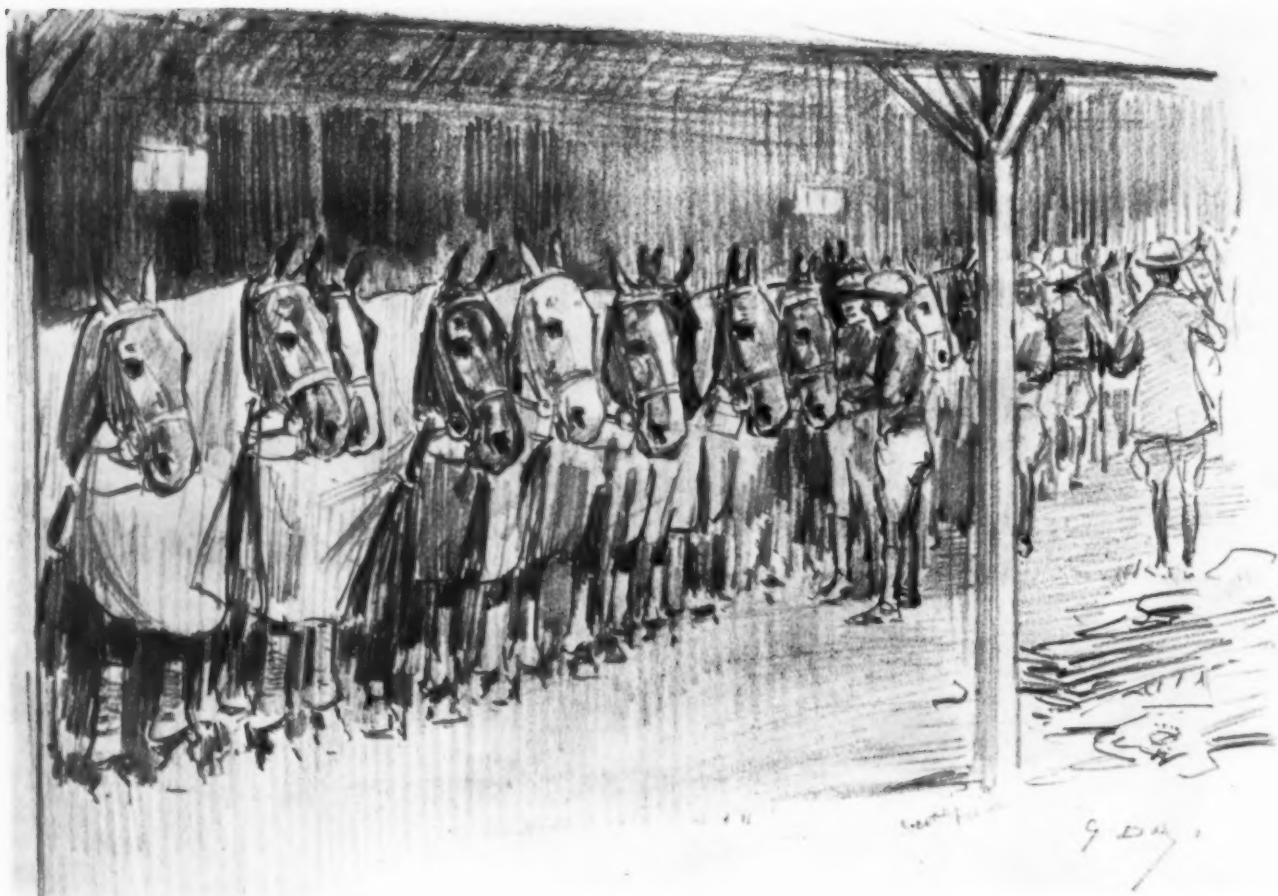
"The Americans are, to use a favourite phrase of the papers here, a 'rough-riding' team; this is used here in a complimentary sense. I do not mean to say they are intentionally rough, but their style of riding lends itself to this kind of thing. The penalties they suffer speak for themselves (here a foul is penalised to the extent of forfeiting half-a-goal). All the team are hard hitters, and Milburn's world-wide reputation is well earned, as he seldom touches the ball without it travelling a very long way; and his hitting out from the back line is something to see on those hard grounds, as the ball frequently



BEFORE THE MATCH: THE PARADE.

had one or more 'passengers,' and in cases where the men were the best they were not horsed as well as ours, so that the result was we never had a game that stretched the British team at all, and the match was the first opportunity of finding out the pace of ponies and the form of opposition. Another reason for public opinion being favourable to us was the fact that at the last moment there had been changes in the composition of the American team, and up to three days before the date fixed for the match it was understood—and, in fact, printed on the official programmes—that the team would consist of quite a different lot from what is known here as the 'big four,' the only member of this combination selected being Mr. D. Milburn. Three days before the match Mr. Foxhall Keene fell and broke his collar bone, and a return was made to the 'big four' *in toto*. No doubt this changing showed anxiety on the part of the powers here, and could not fail to influence the opinion of everyone. In the match the 'big four' played at the top

travels half the length of the ground, and with such accuracy that it seldom is stopped by anyone. Our men compare favourably as riders, but were not hitting so well on Tuesday as they usually do, or as their opponents did. Captain Ritson hit a 'spectacular' goal when he lifted the ball high above the heads of the other players and well above the goal-posts at the north end. Another interesting goal was hit by L. Waterbury under his pony's neck and at an awkward angle, through the south end posts. At the beginning of the match the British ponies, judging from the point of view of the spectator, seemed sometimes to be out-paced; towards the end this was not noticeable, and they seemed to hold their own well, sometimes showing more pace than the Americans. Latterly the game was a very even one, rather in our favour, our men on several occasions pressing hard and compelling the American side to play safely, by hitting from before the goal to the boards at the side; this took place most noticeably twice,



THE PONIES WAITING TO BEGIN.



L. WATERBURY STRIKING A GOAL.

once at each end, when both sides showed very pretty play in striking back and forwards from almost between the goal-posts to the boards in the corner. That this was the correct game for the defenders to play cannot be questioned, in consideration of the lead they had. — G. D. ARMOUR."

DIFFERENCE IN STYLE.

The interest of polo now comes back to our English grounds. In course of time we shall be able to estimate the causes of our defeat, and we shall, no doubt, see the effect on English play of the lessons of the Test matches. On the whole, as I look back it seems to me that the main cause of our defeat was the want of practice in fast games. Our men wanted, as does every polo team to be at its best, steady, continuous practice together. Wanting that, no individual ability will suffice to secure a victory against a team of equal quality and better combination. This combination is not a question of places so much as of sympathy. It is, if I may be forgiven for saying so, not so much bodily as mental unity; not physical, but psychological. This we had not. In future attempts I should like to see time taken by the



(FIRST MATCH) CAPT. V. LOCKETT SAVING A GOAL.

forelock and a team built up round a player like Mr. Buckmaster. The qualification for play should be not merely individual skill, still less a reputation, but capacity and willingness to fall in with the captain's play. Without under-rating the splendid pluck and dash of our players, I can imagine a team which might have done even better; for example, Mr. R. Grenfell, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. Buckmaster and Lord Wodehouse. I think, too, the English ponies were a week or so too early in

America. The climate had begun to tell on them. The Cup still remains to be, and will be, won some day.

The net result of the Test matches is that the English and American styles are of almost equal value. I say "almost," for it is evident from the description of the Test matches that while the teams were even in skill, and probably in ponies, the American style just turns an even balance in their favour. American polo successes rest on the excellency of their team play and the dash and drive of their attack. Although the Americans showed that they could defend their goals if necessary, yet throughout their play, and especially in the first Test



ENERGY OUTPACES THE OPPOSITION.

match, they were at all times prepared to seize every opportunity and run all risks in order to attack. They had always on their side the superior moral force of attack. The radical

difference between the American and English styles lies in this, that the American in defence is always thinking of attack; the English in attack are always dreaming of defence.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH DEER.

OUT of the large number of stags' heads now being exhibited, through the generosity of their respective owners, at the Royal Water Colour Society's Rooms, 5A, Pall Mall East, it is the Scottish heads which claim most attention. Certainly so many first-class red deer trophies have never been assembled together in one room before, and it is unlikely that such a collection will be brought together again. Written before the heads are hung, it is a difficult matter to pick out individual trophies for remark from so large a number closely approximating to the same standard. In this article I simply give my own personal impressions and express opinions with which, no doubt, many will disagree.

The Kinlochewe ten-pointer, killed in 1814 and lent by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, dwarfs other heads to such an extent that, were its history not well known, one would almost believe it to belong to an alien race. There are many longer heads in the room; there are some thicker and with almost as wide a span, though this latter measurement may not be quite correct, as the horns are loose; but there is no head which combines shape, symmetry, beam, span, length and general quality in so remarkable a manner as does this ten-pointer.

The two Gordon Castle heads, killed in 1826 and 1831, are magnificent, though the former, killed by Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, then in his eighty-fourth year, is by far the more graceful of the two. That killed by Robert Cumming, forester, in Glen Fiddich on September 24th, five years later, is superior in actual measurements.

There are a score or so of heads killed before 1875, all of them interesting and nearly all of exceptional measurements. Mrs. Edward Ross' heads will be remarked by every stalker. The name of Horatio Ross is known equally with that of Scrope and St. John. Edward Ross was the first Queen's prizeman.

Sir Charles Ross' remarkable head was killed at Deanich about 1840. It was for some time in the collection of Lord Powerscourt, and was known as "the Rhidorroch head." It carries seventeen points, not nineteen, as has been stated. The brows measure 17in. and 17½in. long, and curve out sideways and backwards. They are abnormal. Another very remarkable head is that lent by Mr. Radcliffe. It was killed in

Glenstrathfarrar by Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming about 1845. The inside span is 37in., not 39½in., as has been stated.

The following note, made by the late Lord Powerscourt, was sent by Mr. Radcliffe with the head:

The stag that bore this head was killed in Lord Lovat's forest of Glenstrathfarrar, Inverness-shire, by the late Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming, the celebrated African hunter. I was acquainted with him and also with his brother, the late Sir Alexander Penrose Gordon-Cumming, and I often had conversations with them both about Roualeyn's adventures in Africa and in Scotland.

I saw this head in his collection at that time, about 1858-59, when he used to exhibit his African and other sporting trophies by the Caledonian Canal at Fort Augustus.

He was very poor, and used to support himself by this exhibition, while he used to attend in his Highland dress, and a magnificent figure he was, some six feet four in height and a very powerful man, and he used to relate his sporting adventures and explain his collections at a charge of one or two shillings, or thereabouts. The steamers plying on the Caledonian Canal between Inverness and Banavie had to stop at Fort Augustus for an hour or more, passing through the locks, and the passengers used to land and visit his exhibition. Passing down the Canal on my way from the Highlands in 1859, I landed with others and was talking to him, and I remarked this fine head, which is forty-one inches wide and has eleven points. He said, "If everyone had their rights, that head belongs to Lord Lovat, for I shot the stag in his forest." Gordon-Cumming was known in Scotland as a great poacher, and was often after deer where he had no business to be, but few dared to interfere with him. He said that he wanted the head, as it was the widest he had ever seen in Scotland. In those days deer forests were not so strictly preserved as they are now, and on the hills, which were grazed by sheep, stags were shot without any interference by anyone; that was about the year 1845 or 1846.

Through the kindness of Mr. St. George Littledale, I got the following story of how Gordon-Cumming killed this stag. He had it from a stalker named Colin Campbell, who had it, I believe, from his father. I give it in his own words:

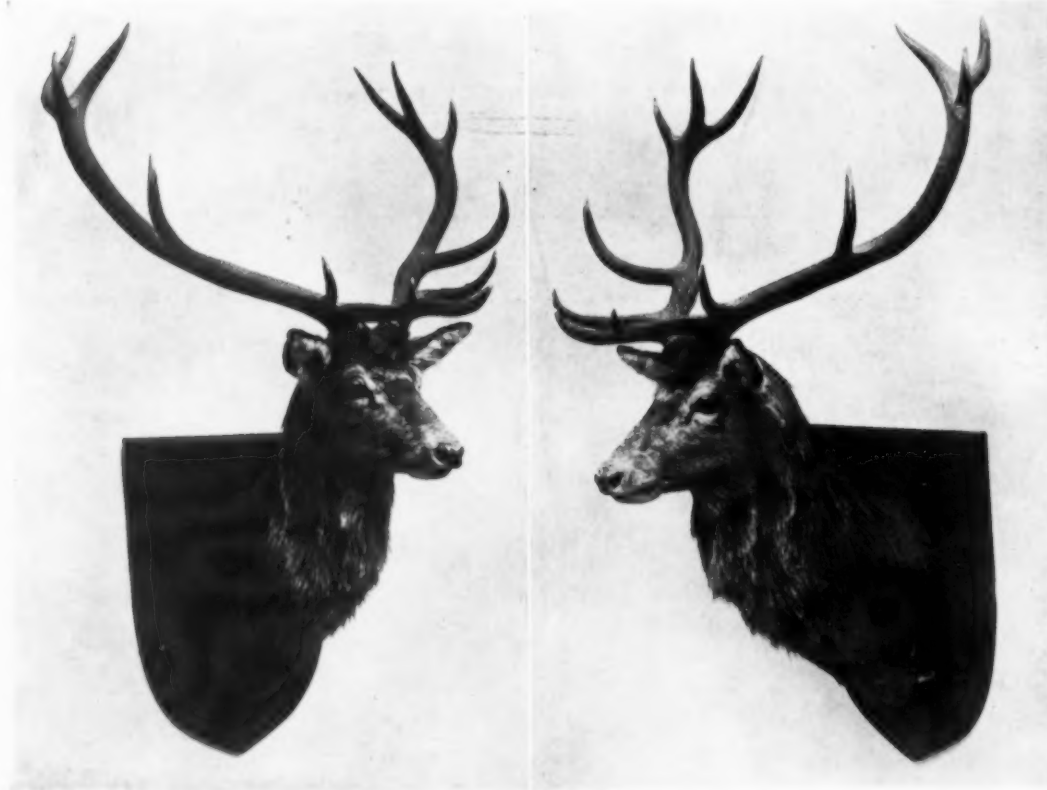
"The stag was spotted by the stalker in charge of the beat where the stag had his home, and, as is very often the case when you are keen on a good head, that is often when you do not get him. However, the stalker, after a day or two of unsuccess, was told to keep his ears and eyes open, in case Gordon-Cumming, who was in the neighbourhood, might get hold of the head. Some gentleman near by died, and the sportsman went to the funeral, giving instructions to his stalker not to go unless he saw that Gordon-Cumming went; if so, he might go. Gordon-Cumming put on his Highland dress and walked along the road, when he met the stalker, who asked him what he was going to do with a rose he happened to have in his button-hole at a funeral? Gordon-Cumming replied that when everything was over he would leave him the rose. The stalker got in, shifted his clothes, and proceeded to the funeral. When Gordon-Cumming got round the corner he took a circuit route and made for the stag, and in three hours had the head off the stag. The stalker, having heard the shot, made for the direction of the sound, where he found the carcass with the rose by its side!—(Signed) COLIN CAMPBELL."

Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming died in 1866, and I bought the stag's head at the sale of his collection in London after his death. POWERSCOURT.

December 16th, 1899.

The two royals lent by Lady Cromartie, killed at Rhidorroch in 1860 are beautiful heads, as is the sixteen-pointer lent by Mrs. Campbell of Dunstaffnage. The stag was killed in Glenartney about 1843 by Campbell of Monzie, who had been asked by Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, to whom the forest belonged, to introduce the Prince Consort to Highland deer-stalking. This head, and the fourteen-pointer killed in the Black Isle about 1794, lent by Colonel Hall Walker, are the two longest Scottish heads on record, the one being 47½in. and the other 40½in. in length.

Undoubtedly the magnificent royal killed by the



TWO VIEWS OF THE GUISACHAN ROYAL—
THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH (No. 66).



LENT BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON (No. 15).

HEAD SHOT BY ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING, LENT BY MR. W. RADCLIFFE (No. 6).

first Lord Tweedmouth, October 9th, 1880, at Guisachan, and now in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth, is the finest stag killed in Scotland during recent years. The first the Guisachan stalkers saw of him was in September, 1878, as he lay above the wood in the sanctuary in Cougie, much bothered by midges and shaking his great horns in the air. There were about four hundred stags in the sanctuary, but he dwarfed them all. Lord Tweedmouth, fine old sportsman that he was, refused to disturb the sanctuary for the sake of any stag, and the monarch stayed safe for a time. On October 1st, 1879, Lord Tweedmouth went out at daylight, as the stag had been seen near Farmer's Wood the night before. They soon found some hinds, but the big stag was not doomed that year. He came out of the wood in the dim dawning, and stood for a second or two on a knoll. Before the rifle could be raised he had gone, and was not seen again that season. It was on the fateful October 9th, 1880, the year following, that Duncan MacLennan heard a big stag roar on the edge of Farmer's Wood an hour or two before daylight. He lay and waited, and, as it grew light, saw the stag and about a dozen hinds going into the wood. Lord Tweedmouth was stalking in Cougie that day and killed a fine ten-pointer in the morning. In the evening the little party came to a high place, where they could

see the deer coming out of the wood. Some hinds were in sight, and presently, as they lay within eighty yards of them, the big stag appeared. He never returned to the wood. Not only is this head remarkable for length, symmetry and shape, but the horn is of extraordinary strength and roughness, so



SIR JOHN RAMSDEN'S 15-POINTER (No. 50).



REMARKABLE HEAD LENT BY MRS. CAMPBELL OF DUNSTAFFNAGE (No. 14).

much so that the points appear short. After this head it is very hard to differentiate.

Mr. A. S. Bowlby's fourteen-pointer, killed at Knoydart, October 4th, 1898, is a very beautiful head. The stag came from Barrisdale, which at that time was not sublet. This head again combines length, great thickness and span in a remarkable manner, and though there is a falling off in the bays, the tops are almost perfect. The stag weighed fifteen stone nine pounds. The year 1898 was a great one at Knoydart, the six best stags being three fourteen-pointers, one thirteen-pointer and two royals. The other fourteen-pointer exhibited by Mr. Bowlby is also a fine head.

A head of ten points killed by Major Porteous at Kinveachy last season is a very handsome one. The horns are symmetrical, of fine shape, good quality and great length. Another head of great length is a royal killed by Mr. E. J. Wythes at Ardcrikie in 1909.

Mr. Walter Parrott's eleven-pointer has a length of 37½ in., with beautifully rough horn, and is a remarkable head for an animal known to be eighteen years old.

Mr. Laurence Hardy's Eskdale royal has extraordinarily rough, thick horn, and is a first-class all-round head.

Sir John Ramsden's beautiful fifteen-pointer was killed about 1893. The bay points are unusual, measuring 13½ in. in length. It is a very fine head all round.

The thirteen-pointer killed by Mr. J. E. B. Baillie of Dochfour, in October, 1902, is another first-class head, though the left horn is superior all round to the right.

Lady Ancaster's fourteen-pointer, killed at Glenartney in 1887; Lochiel's royal, shot by his father at Achnacary in 1884; Mr. E. M. Crosfield's ten-pointer, killed last year at Strathvaich; Mr. J. C. Williams' eleven-pointer, killed in 1908 at the same place; Mr. Hargreaves' Gaick heads; Lord Iveagh's seventeen-pointer, killed in 1890; Mr. Walter Jones' royal, killed in 1906 at Meoble; Major Robinson's eleven-pointer from Eskdale, killed in 1908; Mr. Walter Shoolbred's Wyvis, ten-pointer

of 1909; and Mr. Vernon Watney's heads from Farruich, are all first class, with qualities which would make them conspicuous among any collection of good heads. This list does not in any way pretend to be complete. I have merely mentioned certain heads which caught my attention. There are a great number of other first-class heads in the show.

Of the Island heads, Lord George Campbell's ten-pointer (1901) has a span of 36 in., which is quite unusual. Mr.

Dendy's 1909 royal I alluded to last week. Of the heads lent by the Marquis of Graham, that killed by Colonel Knox in 1878 is, perhaps, the best. Mr. Talbot Clifton's royal and fifteen-pointer are noteworthy as being a record for Scotland as regards weight for a right and left. They scaled twenty stone eleven pounds and twenty-one stone six pounds respectively. The various cromies which have been so kindly lent by Mr. Allan Gordon Cameron, Mr. Colin Campbell of Jura, and the University Museum of Zoology, Cambridge, I have already alluded to.

Of wild English heads there are ten, all, with the exception of the eleven-pointer shot by the Right Hon. James Lowther in Cumberland, from Exmoor and the Quantocks.

There are eleven Irish heads, four being from Glenveagh, County Donegal. This forest, though enclosed, extends to 22,000 acres and produces very heavy stags. The heaviest at the exhibition is a thirteen-pointer lent by Mr. Gilfrid Hartley, which weighed 24st. 12lb. Lord Kenmare has sent a thirteen-pointer from Glenana which weighed no less than 30st. 2lb.

Of the park heads Mr. Lucas' exhibit is the most striking. It comprises the great Warnham head, an easy record for points of any

English park stags, and the series of dropped antlers for the six previous seasons, two heads killed in 1904, one remarkable for beauty and the other for its enormous outside span of 52 in. The cast horns of a stag still alive measure 45 in., the greatest length of horn recorded in a park. The Duke of Bedford's 44 in. head of the pale variety is a close second.

Lord Brownlow exhibits two interesting heads, one of a stag known to be thirty-two years old and the other of a twenty-one-pointer. Lord Dillon's two Jacobean heads date back to 1608 and 1610, and are in some ways the two most interesting heads in the show. Lord Powis-court and Mr. Whitaker send the two best examples known of Vaynol heads.

Of the New Zealand heads Mr. C. Williams' eleven-pointer from the Rakaia, South Canterbury, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary red deer heads I have ever seen. The beam is tremendous—6½ in.—and this is not a chance swelling below the tray, but a steady growth throughout. Though not so long as I had at first supposed, it is an easy record for length of horn for New Zealand, the enormous length of 48 in. being gained by the great development of the back tines, which measure something over twenty inches each. The other New Zealand heads from Otago are all first-class representatives of their kind.

Of the fallow deer Mr. E. N. Buxton sends a pair from Epping Forest of the old type, which it is interesting to compare with those sent by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles from the New Forest. The tendency of these latter heads is to bifurcate in the upper branches, and not to palmate as in the ordinary park type. Mr. Millais has sent two beautiful heads killed at Petworth.

Of the roe I do not wish to speak at any great length, as I have not had an opportunity of examining them closely at present. Mr. Millais' exhibit is remarkable, and so many first-class roe heads have certainly never been on exhibition together before. There are three English, one Irish and twenty-two Scottish specimens.

FRANK WALLACE.



A RECORD FOR LENGTH. COLONEL HALL WALKER'S EXHIBIT (No. 13).



MR. A. S. BOWLBY'S KNOYDART FOURTEEN-POINTER (No. 55).



LENT BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON (No. 9).

THE DEANICH HEAD LENT BY SIR CHARLES ROSS (No. 18).

NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary Cholmondeley.



CHAPTER XXXV.

JANEY had the doubtful advantage over other women that men (by men I mean Roger) always knew where to find her. She was as immovable as the church or the Rieben. It was absolutely certain that unless Lady Laisa was worse, Janey would come down to the library at nine o'clock, and work there beside the lamp for an hour before going to bed. The element of surprise or uncertainty did not exist as far as Janey was concerned. And, perhaps, those who are always accessible, tranquil, disengaged, ready to lend a trained and sympathetic ear, know instinctively that they will be sought out in sorrow and anxiety rather than in joy. We do not engage a trained nurse for picnic parties, or ask her to grace the box-seat when we are driving out four-in-hands. Annette is singled out at once as appropriate to these festive occasions. If anyone thought of Janey in connection with them it was only to remark that she would not care about them. How many innocent pleasures she had silently wished for in her time which she had been informed by her mother, by Dick, even by Roger, were not in her line.

To-night Janey deviated by a hair's-breadth from her usual routine. She came down, seated herself, and instead of her work, took up a book with the marker half-way through it, and was at once absorbed in it. She was reading the "Magnet" for the second time. Since her conversation with Mr. Stirling in the Hulver garden, Janey had read "The Magnet," and her indifference had been replaced by a riveted attention. She saw now what other people saw in his work, and it seemed to her, as indeed it seemed to all Mr. Stirling's readers, that his books were addressed to her and her alone. It did not occur to her that he had lived for several years in her neighbourhood without her detecting or even attempting to discern what he was. It did not occur to her that he might have been a great asset in her narrow life. She was quite content with being slightly acquainted with everyone except Roger, and her new friend Annette. She tacitly distrusted intimacy as did Roger, and though circumstances had brought about a certain intimacy with Annette, the only girl within five miles, she had always mental reservations even with her, boundaries which were not to be passed. Janey had been inclined to take shelter behind these mental reservations, to raise still higher the boundary walls between them since she had known what she called "the truth about Annette." She had tacitly shrunk from further intercourse with her, but Annette had sought her out, deliberately, persistently, with an unshaken confidence in Janey's affection, which the latter had not the heart to dispel. And in the end, Janey had reached a kind of forlorn gratitude towards Annette. Her life had become absolutely empty; the future stretched in front of her like some flat dusty high road, along which she must toil with aching feet till she dropped. She instinctively turned to Annette, and then shrank from her. She would have shrunk from her altogether if she had known that it was by Roger's suggestion that Annette made so many little opportunities of meeting. Annette had been to see her the day before she went to Noyes, and had found her reading "The Magnet," and they had a long conversation about it.

And now in Janey's second reading, not skipping one word and going over the more difficult passages twice, she came again upon the sentence which they had discussed. She read it slowly: "The publican and the harlot will go into the Kingdom before us because it is easier for them to flee with loathing from the sins of the flesh, and to press through the strait gate of humility, than it is for us to loathe and flee the sins of the spirit, egotism, pride, resentment, cruelty, insincerity."

Janey laid down the book. When Annette had read that sentence aloud to her, Janey had said: "I don't understand that. I think he's wrong. Pride and the other things and insincerity aren't nearly as bad as—immorality."

"He doesn't say one is worse than the others," Annette had replied, and her quiet eyes had met Janey's bent searchingly upon her. "He only says egotism and the other things make it harder to squeeze through the little gate. You see they make it impossible for us even to see it—the strait gate."

"He writes as if egotism were worse than immorality, as if immorality doesn't matter," said Janey stubbornly. How could Annette speak so coolly, so impersonally, as if she had never deviated from the rigid code of morals in which Janey had been brought up. She felt impelled to show her that she at any rate held sterner views.

Annette cogitated. "Perhaps, Janey, he has learnt that nothing makes getting near the gate so difficult as egotism. He says

somewhere else that egotism makes false, mean, dreadful things ready to pounce on us. He's right in the order he puts them in, isn't he? Selfishness first and then pride. Our pride gets wounded, and then resentment follows. And resentment always wants to inflict pain. That is why he puts cruelty next."

"How do you know all this?" said Janey incredulously.

"I know about pride and resentment," said Annette, "because I gave way to them once. I think I never shall again."

"I don't see why he puts insincerity last."

"Perhaps he thinks that is the worst thing that can happen to us."

"To be insincere?" said Janey amazed.

"Yes. I certainly never have met a selfish person who was sincere, have you? They have to be giving noble reasons for their selfish actions so as to keep their self-respect, and make us think well of them. I knew a man once, he was a great musician, who was like that. He wanted people to admire him, and yet he didn't want to take any trouble to be the things that make one admire people. It ended in—"

"What did it end in?"

"Where insincere people always do end, I think, in a kind of treachery. Perhaps that is why Mr. Stirling puts insincerity last, because insincere people do such dreadful things without knowing they are dreadful. Now the harlots and the publicans do know. They have the pull of us there."

Janey's clear, retentive mind recalled every word of that conversation, the last she had had with Annette, which had left an impression on her mind that Annette had belittled the frailties of the flesh. Why had she done that? Because she had not been *guiltless of them herself*.

In such manner do some of us reason, and find "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," of that which we suspect. Not that Janey suspected Annette of stepping aside. She was convinced that Annette had done wrong. The evidence had been conclusive. At least she did not doubt it when Annette was absent. When she was present with her she knew not how to believe it. It was incredible. Yet it was so. She always came back to that.

But why did she and Mr. Stirling both put insincerity as the worst of the spiritual sins? Janey was an inexorable reader, now that she had begun. She ruminated, with her small hands folded on the open page. And her honest mind showed her that once—not long ago—she had nearly been insincere herself; when she had told herself with vehemence that it was her bounden duty to Roger to warn him against Annette. What an ugly act of treachery she had almost committed, would have committed if Mr. Stirling had not come to her aid. She shuddered. Yes. He was right. Insincerity was the place where all meanness and disloyalties and treacheries lurked and had their dens, like evil beasts, ready to pounce out and destroy the wayfaring spirit wandering on forbidden ground.

And she thought of nurse's treachery for the sake of a livelihood with a new compassion. It was less culpable than what she had nearly been guilty of herself. And she thought yet again of Annette. She might have done wrong, but you could not look at her and think she could be mean, take refuge in subterfuge or deceit. "She would never lie about it, to herself or others," Janey said to herself. And she who had lied to herself, though only for a moment, was humbled.

She was half expecting Roger, in spite of their conference of this morning, for she knew that he was to see the lawyer about probate that afternoon, and the lawyer might have given an opinion as to the legality of Harry's marriage. Presently she heard his step in the hall, and he came in. She had known Roger all her life, but his whole aspect was unfamiliar to her. As she looked at him bewildered she realised that she had never seen him strongly moved before, never in all these years until now. There is something almost terrifying in the emotion of unemotional people. The momentary confidence of the morning, the one tear wrung out of him by perceiving his hope of marriage suddenly wiped out, was as nothing to this.

He sat down opposite to her with chalk-white face and reddened, unseeing eyes, and without any preamble recounted to her the

story that Annette had told him a few hours before. "She wished you to know it," he said.

An immense thankfulness flooded Janey's heart as she listened. It was as if some tense nerve in her brain relaxed. He did know at last, and she, Janey, had not told him. He had heard no word from her. Annette had confessed to him herself, as Mr. Stirling had said she would. She had done what was right; right, but how difficult. A secret grudge against Annette, which had long lurked at the back of Janey's mind, was exorcised, and she gave a sigh of relief.

At last he was silent.

"I have known for a long time that Annette was the woman who was with Dick at Fontainebleau," she said, her hands still folded on the open book.

"You might have told me, Janey."

"I thought it ought to come from her."

"You might have told me when you saw—Janey you must have seen for some time past—how it was with me."

"I did see, but I hoped against hope that she would tell you herself, as she has done."

"And if she hadn't, would you have let me marry her, not knowing?"

Janey reflected. "I am not sure," she said, composedly, "what I should have done. But you see, it did not happen so. She has told you. I am thankful she has, Roger, though it must have been hard for her. It is the only thing I've ever kept back from you. It is a great weight off my mind, that you know. Only I'm ashamed now that I ever doubted her. I did doubt her. I had begun to think she would never say."

"She's the last person in the world, the very last, that I should have thought possible—"

He could not finish his sentence, and Janey and he looked fixedly at each other.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "She is. I never get any nearer understanding how anyone like Annette could have done it."

Roger, in his haste with his story, had omitted the evil prologue which had led to the disaster.

"She wished you to know everything," he said, and he told her of Annette's treacherous lover, and her father's infamy, and her flight from his house in the dawn.

"She was driven to desperation," said Janey. "When she met Dick she was in despair. I see it all now. She did not know what she was doing, Roger. Annette has been sinned against."

"I should like to wring that man's neck who bought her, and her father's, who sold her," said Roger, his haggard eyes smouldering.

There was a long silence.

"But I don't feel that I can marry her," he said, with a groan. "Dick and her. It sticks in my throat. The very thought seems to choke me. I don't feel that I could marry her even if she would still have me. She said I must forget her, and put her out of my life. She feels everything is over between us. It's all very well," savagely, "to talk of forgetting anyone—like Annette," and he beat his foot against the floor.

Janey looked at him in a great compassion. "He will come back to me," she said to herself, "not for a long time, but he will come back. Broken and disillusioned and aged, and with only a bit of a heart to give me. He will never care much about me, but I shall be all he has left in the world. And I will take him whatever he is."

She put out her hand for her work, and busied herself with it, knowing instinctively that the occupation of her hands and eyes upon it would fret him less than if she sat idle and looked at him. She had nothing to learn about how to deal with Roger.

She worked for some time in silence, and Hope, dead and buried, rose out of his deep grave in her heart, and came towards her once more. Was it indeed Hope that stirred in its grave, this pallid figure with the shroud still enfolding it, or was it but its ghost? She knew not.

At last Roger raised a tortured face out of his hands.

"Of course, she says she is innocent," he said, looking hopelessly at Janey.

Janey started violently. Her work fell from her hands. "Annette—says—she—is—innocent," she repeated after him, a flame of colour rushing to her face.

"Yes. Mary Deane said the same. They always say it."

Janey shook as in an ague. She saw suddenly in front of her a gulf of infamy unspeakable, ready to swallow her if she agreed with him: she who always agreed with him. He would implicitly believe her. The little gleam of hope which had fallen on her aching, mutilated life went out. She was alone in the dark. For a moment she could neither see nor hear.

"If Annette says she is innocent it's true," she said, hoarsely, putting her hand to her throat.

The room and the lamp became visible again, and Roger's eyes fixed on her like the eyes of a drowning man, wide, dilated, seen through deep water.

"If Annette says so it's true," she repeated. "She may have done wrong. She says she has. But she does not tell lies. You know that."

"She says Dick did not try to entrap her, that she went with him of her own accord."

"But don't you see that Dick *did* take advantage of her all the same, a mean advantage, when she was stunned by despair. I don't suppose you have ever known what it is to feel despair, Roger. But I know what it is. I know what Annette felt when her lover failed her."

"She told me she meant to drown herself. She said she did not care what became of her."

"You don't know what it means to feel like that."

Roger heard again the thud and beat of the distant train in the sod against his ear.

"Yes, I do," he said, looking at her under his heavy brows.

"I don't believe you. If you had you would understand Annette's momentary madness. She need not have told you that. She need not have blackened herself in your eyes, but she did. Can't you see, Roger? Will you never, never understand that you have had the whole truth from Annette, the most difficult truth in the world to tell. And why do you need me to hammer it into you that she was speaking the truth to you? Can't you see for yourself that Annette is upright, as upright as yourself? What is the good of you if you can't even see that? What is the good of loving her—if you do love her—if you can't see that she doesn't tell lies. I'm not in love with her. There have been times when I've come very near to hating her, and I had reason to believe she had done a wicked action. But I knew one thing, and that was that she would never lie about it. She is not that kind. And if she told you that in a moment of despair she had agreed to do it, but that she had not done it, then she spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Roger could only stare at Janey dumfounded. She who in his long experience of her had always listened, had spoken so little beyond comment or agreement, now thrust at him with a sword of determined, sharp-edged speech. The only two women he thought he knew were becoming absolute strangers to him.

"If I had been in Annette's place I would have died sooner than own that I agreed to do wrong. I should have put the blame on Dick. But Annette is humbler than I am, more loyal than I am. She took the blame herself which belongs to Dick. I had been in her place I should have hesitated a long time before I told you about the will. It will ruin her good name. I should have thought of that. But she didn't. She thought only of you, only of getting your inheritance for you. Just as when Dick was ill, she only thought of helping him. We have always known that whoever it was who was with him nursed him devotedly. Go and get your inheritance, Roger. It's yours, and I'm glad it is. You deserve it. But there's one thing you don't deserve, and that is to marry Annette. You're not good enough for her."

Janey had risen to her feet. She stood before him a small, terrible creature with blazing eyes. Then she passed him and left the room, the astounded Roger gaping after her.

He waited a long time for her to return, but she did not come back.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WHEREVER we go," said Aunt Harriett complacently from her sofa that evening, "weddings are sure to follow. I've noticed it again and again. Do you remember, Maria, how when we spent the summer at Nairn our landlady's son at those nice lodgings married the innkeeper's daughter? And it was very soon after our visit to River View that Mary Grey was engaged to the curate. Which reminds me that I am afraid they are very badly off, for I heard from him not long ago that he had resigned his curacy, and that as his entire trust was in the Almighty, the smallest contribution would be most acceptable; but I did not send anything, because I always thought Mary ought not to have married him. And now we have been here barely fifteen months and here is Harry Manvers marrying the nurse. The Miss Blinketts tell me that she is at least fifteen years older than him. Not that that matters at all if there is spiritual affinity, but in this case—really, Annette, I think your wits must be wool-gathering. You have put sugar in my coffee, and you know as well as possible that I only have a tiny lump, not in the cup, but in the spoon."

Annette expressed her contrition, and poured out another cup.

"Did Roger Manvers say anything to you about Harry's marriage, Annette?" said Aunt Maria. "I thought possibly he had come to consult us about it, but of course he could say nothing before the Miss Blinketts. They drove him away. I shall tell Hodgkins that we are not at home to them in future."

"He just mentioned the marriage, and that he had been seeing a lawyer about it."

"If everyone was as laconic as you are, my love," said Aunt Harriett with some asperity, "conversation would cease to exist; and as to saying 'Not at home' to the Miss Blinketts in future, Maria, you will of course do exactly as you please, but I must own that I think it is a mistake to cut ourselves entirely adrift from the life of the neighbourhood at a—a crisis like this. Will the marriage be recognised? Ought we to send a present? Shall we be expected to call on her? We shall have to arrive at some decision on these subjects, I presume, and how we are to do so if we close our ears to all sources of information I'm sure I don't know."

"Mayn't we have another chapter of 'The Silver Cross'?" said Annette, in the somewhat strained silence that followed. Aunt Maria was correcting her proof sheets, and was in the habit of reading them aloud in the evenings.

"Yes, do read, Maria," said Aunt Harriett, who, however trying her other characteristics might be, possessed a perennial fund of enthusiastic admiration for her sister's novels. "I could hardly sleep last night for thinking of Blanche's estrangement from Frederic, and of her folly in allowing herself to be drawn into Lord Sprofligate's supper party by that foolish Lady Bonner. Frederic would be sure to hear of it."

"I am afraid," said Aunt Maria with conscious pride, "that the next chapter is hardly one for Annette. It deals, not without a touch of realism, with subjects which, as a delineator of life, I cannot ignore, but which, thank God, have no place in a young girl's existence."

"Oh, Maria, how I disagree with you!" interposed Aunt Harriett before Annette could speak. "If only I had been warned when I was a young, innocent, high-spirited creature, if only I had been aware of the pitfalls, the snares, spread like nets round the feet of the young and the attractive, I should have been spared some terrible disillusionments. I am afraid I am far too modern to wish to keep girls in the total ignorance in which our dear mother brought us up. We must march with the times. There is nothing that you, being what you are, Maria—nothing that you, with your high ideals, could write which, however painful, it could harm Annette to hear." (This was perhaps even truer than the enunciation was aware.) "She must sometime learn that evil exists, that sin and suffering are all part of life."

Annette looked from the excited figure on the sofa to the dignified personage in the armchair, and her heart was wrung for them both. Oh! Poor dears, poor dears! Living in this shadowy world of their own, in which reality never set foot, this tiny world

of which Aunt Harriett spoke so glibly, which Aunt Maria described with such touching confidence. Was she going to shatter it for them, she whom they were doing their best to guide into it; to make like themselves?

"I am rather tired," she said, folding up her work. "I think I will go to bed, and then you can read the chapter together, and decide whether I can hear it later on."

"It is very carefully treated, very lightly, I may say skilfully, touched," said Aunt Maria urbanely, whose previous remark had been entirely conventional, and who had no intention of losing half her audience. "I think, on the whole, I will risk it. Sit down again, Annette. Let me see, how old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Many women at that age are wives and mothers. I agree with you, Harriett. The danger we elders fall into is the want of realisation that the younger generation are grown up. We must not make this mistake with you, Annette, or treat you as a child any longer, but as—ahem!—one of ourselves. It is better that you should be made aware of the existence of the seamy side of life, so that later on if you come in contact with it your mind may be prepared. Chapter one hundred and twenty-five. *The false position.*"

(To be continued.)

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

ONE of the most striking and characteristic birds of the open veldt is the secretary bird, known to the Dutch as Slaang Vreter (snake-killer), or, in the slang, "Coat and Trousers," this last name bestowed on account of the silver grey plumage of the back and long tail, together with the black feathering of the abdomen and thighs, causing the bird to resemble a caricature of a man wearing the above garments. It seems to have no prototype in other parts of the world, and has, therefore, a class to itself in scientific nomenclature. Sclater, in his "Fauna of South Africa," gives the distribution of the secretary bird as ranging from Gambia in the west and from Thebes in Upper Egypt in the north, through Abyssinia and Somaliland to Cape Colony. It appears to be widely spread, though nowhere abundant. This species was first made known in Europe by Vosmaer in 1769, and was described by Edwards in 1771 in the "Philosophical Transactions" from observations of one in captivity. The best account, however, and one of the earliest, is to be found in Levaillant's great work on South African ornithology. That these birds are useful to a great extent in checking the increase of snakes is a well-known fact, but it is also admitted that they are very destructive to young game birds. Their bill of fare is a varied one. Opening the crop of a secretary bird I shot some years ago in the Prieska district, Cape Colony, I counted seven rats, two small snakes, five or six small birds—probably larks—and several lizards. Like owls, hawks and certain other birds, this species ejects the bones, feathers and

hard parts in the form of pellets. The secretary bird is not gregarious. It is usually seen in pairs, walking about the veldt with great dignity some distance apart from one another. If approached too closely for its liking, it runs off at considerable speed, but it seldom takes wing for a long flight. One of these grand birds high in the air, circling round and round, its long legs stretched behind like a heron's and flapping its wings after the manner of an eagle, is an interesting sight. In attacking a snake this bird uses its wings as a shield and its feet as weapons of attack, buffeting and stamping on its prey. This performance may be witnessed by any interested visitor to the London Zoological Society's Gardens when a dead rat is introduced to the specimens living there.

The secretary bird lays early in July or August and, like various other species, after selecting a nesting-site, hustles off all intruders from a fixed area in its vicinity. I happened to be living in Pretoria in 1906, and on the day of the late President Kruger's funeral, I received news that a nest of this bird had been found about eight miles west of the capital. I determined to spend that day bird-nesting in preference to attending the obsequies of the renowned President, and in company of two friends set forth with a horse and cart. Report stated that young, but well-grown birds occupied the nest, so I took blankets to wrap the captives in, knowing well how easily their legs may snap if not handled with utmost care. We found the nest occupying practically the whole of a large mimosa bush, and using the empty cart as a ladder, were delighted



YOUNG SECRETARY BIRDS.

to see a pair of beautiful youngsters, squatting, timid and voiceless, within the huge structure. To photograph such excellent sitters was not easy, as the outer twigs of the bush supported several nests of a vicious-looking species of hornet, which resented our interference. I have observed similar occurrences when egg-collecting in other parts of South Africa, and have wondered if the birds selected the trees on account of possible protection afforded by these insects.

A Boer youth happened to be ploughing the land near by, and claimed the birds as his property, until after much slow and avaricious bargaining on his part he pocketed thirty shillings, and we lifted the young secretaries out of the nest. The latter was composed of sticks and sods and lined with grass and feathers, and measured six feet across and about four feet deep. Usually only two eggs are laid, bluish-white in colour, and measuring, roughly, three by two inches. In most cases they are plain, but may sometimes be marked by rusty-brown blotches. Six weeks is stated to be the time taken in incubation. The young remain in the nest for several months until all the plumage has been assumed. While attending to our booty we noticed the parent birds stalking gracefully at a safe distance away on the veldt, but they showed no desire to protect their offspring. After photographing the nest and young birds *in situ* we inspanned the horse and returned to Pretoria. In the Zoological Gardens of that city the birds were deposited and lived a considerable time.

CHARLES B. HORSBRUGH.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE ROCKFOILS OR SAXIFRAGES.

TO those not conversant with the flora of temperate regions the decision of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society to hold a conference on Saxifrages during 1915 will, no doubt, cause some surprise. Although the family is the most extensive of all that find a home in our rock gardens, a great many species and varieties are unknown except to a select, though ever-increasing, band of Alpine plant enthusiasts. Some few, notably London Pride (*Saxifraga umbrosa*) and the Meadow Saxifrage (*S. granulata*), are seldom recognised by the ordinary flower-lover as members of this immense and widespread family, while the Megasea section, characterised by the large, bold-leaved *S. ligulata* and *S. cordifolia purpurea*, are plants rather for the herbaceous border or large lawn-bed than the rock garden. A different type is the tall-flowered *S. peltata*, the large rose-coloured flower spikes of which make an attractive feature at the waterside. The coarse, creeping rhizomes or foot-stalks of this Rockfoil, together with its curious peltate leaves, lend additional interest to a waterside plant that is not known or cultivated nearly so widely as its merits deserve.

To the lay mind, however, the Saxifrages will always be most easily remembered by the small-flowered kinds which find a congenial home in the more or less moist situations of the rock garden, where, if left to their own resources, many, such as the yellow-flowered *S. apiculata* or the primrose *Elizabethæ*, will spread over the large boulders, and provide an exquisite foil to the rock, a characteristic which has given rise to the popular and appropriate name of Rockfoil. Even during the winter months the green, moss-like foliage is an attractive feature in the rock garden, especially when in company with the silver-grey tints of Pinks and *Cerastium*. During recent years



A TUFT OF MOSSY SAXIFRAGE.

a great deal of attention has been given to the intercrossing of the carpeting or mossy Saxifrages, and there are now several beautiful kinds with flowers of a red shade, notable among them being *Rhei superba*, *Guildford Seedling* and *bathoniensis*. The last named is a particularly charming plant, its large and spreading cushions of green leaves being surmounted during the latter part of April and early May with large, bold, erect flowers of scarlet crimson colour.

Of quite a different type, and one that calls forth encomiums from all who are privileged to see some of its best members in perfect condition, is the encrusted section, so called on account of the silvery encrustation found on the leaves of many kinds. To this section belongs the great Pyrenean Rockfoil (*Saxifraga longifolia*), a noble plant that many endeavour to, but few succeed in, growing successfully. Planted in a dry, rockwork crevice, where its roots can penetrate into good sandy loam with which some old mortar has been incorporated, this Rockfoil, when well tended, will make a huge rosette of strap-shaped leaves sometimes more than a foot in diameter, its flowers, all the while the rosette is increasing in size, remaining dormant. When growth is finished, however—and the plant is exceedingly charming and interesting

even when not in flower—a large spike of star-like white blossoms is produced, this sometimes attaining a length of eighteen inches. But the sequel to this floral outburst is pathetic, for it marks the termination of the plant's career, death supervening after the flowers have departed. There is, however, a variety of this Rockfoil known as *S. longifolia prolifera*, which, though closely resembling the type in other respects, has the power of reproducing itself by means of offsets, these taking the form of small rosettes at the side of the central tuft. Other beautiful Rockfoils of this section are *S. cotyledon* and its variety *pyramidalis*, both with giant plumes of white flowers; *S. cochlearis*, with white, spotted pink blossoms; and *S. lantoscana* and its variety *lingulata*, the flowers of which are also white. In a short article of this kind it is impossible to do more than briefly refer to a few of the best members of a large but by no means well known race of hardy plants, and on some future occasion it is hoped to deal with them on a more generous scale. F. W. 12



A BOLD CARPET OF ROCKFOIL.

THE WATERWAYS OF HOLLAND.

IT is the canals, says Mr. E. V. Lucas, that "set the tune" in Holland—a deliberate, homely measure, touched with the pretty spirit and stateliness of a minuet danced by country folk in a barn. Leisurely, yet industrious and thriving, blue-bloused, black-capped and smoky, the Dutch bargee is, in a manner, a great gentleman, whose house is very emphatically his castle. His barge, named—like the Dutch tradesman's country villa—either fantastically or patriotically, is as silent and reserved as are the gabled houses on the shore. Its owners are seldom to be seen, unless the good wife, as indeed is often the case, is busy at the washing tray. Otherwise the brisk and peevish little dog, whose restlessness is unappeasable, alone guards the well-scoured deck and rust red sails. Sometimes the barge does not even disclose its cargo, and, like all its kind, it seems to have no qualms about

strange newness or grandeur of scenery, stubbornly resists the tourist. Her pictures are certainly accessible to all, but her people and, so to speak, her rule of life are hidden from those who do not wander in her water-lanes.

It is difficult for the foreigner to get on a barge, but there are at every quay-side little steamers which apparently perform the duties of Carter Paterson. Their cargo is made up perhaps of a great pile of greasy, golden cheeses, a disconsolate cow (black and white, of course), a dozen crates of fruit and some trifles of hay and chaff. The skipper has no objection to making his cargo slightly more miscellaneous by the inclusion of an English gentleman and his daughter and a couple of German schoolboys, socked and linen-suited, provided with gaudy tin knapsacks full of crumbly food. Accommodation is neither luxurious nor spacious, but it is possible to nestle down among



ONE OF THE LITTLE STEAMERS WHICH ARE THE CARTER PATERSONS OF HOLLAND.

time or space. In all Dutch life one is conscious of the same tranquil, not unfriendly, reticence.

One cannot judge canal life by walking beside the still waters under the bursting trees which screen the quiet, inscrutable Dutch houses; or by leaning with a pack of sturdy, placid urchins over one of the low bridges; or by climbing to the top of a church tower and looking down upon the silver lacings of the green land. Still else can one estimate it from an excursion on a tourist steam yacht, the fair prey of the not unintelligent dweller in the "buried cities of the Zuider Zee." One may feel the surpassing peace of such dreamy old towns as Monikendam until the church bell peals and the tram-bell clangs; but one wakes to the artificiality of the Isle of Marken with its chattering importunates, and to the appalling simplicity of American gentlemen as regarding family heirlooms. Real Holland, not being a country affording any

the ropes and spars so that one can take the air and see the sights, and if it rains—a beautiful sight—get shelter under some projection or other. The fare is on the scale of twopence from Rotterdam to Delft, a whole afternoon's journey. Progress is not swift. Whenever anyone wants to come aboard or to put something on or to take something off—which may happen twenty times an hour—a little red flag is shot out from the bank, the steamer stops and the skipper chats. The little township turns out to pass the time of day in so methodical and whole-hearted a manner that the illusion of business and occupation is created, and one gets to feel quite commercial. Only when the relentless church clocks, of which there are abundance, chime the hours with the elaboration usual to Holland, does one begin to wonder if the Dutchman—tram drivers, railwaymen and all—ever learns to tell the time. And what does one see as one drifts through the oily waters? It depends on the canal

one chooses. Two things one can be certain of never seeing are bathers and people rowing for pleasure. The Dutchman only enjoys his canals in the winter, when he skates. Between Rotterdam and stately, silent Delft great spaces of green meadows, speckled with black and white cows, alternate with gay tree-fringed hamlets. The windows are painted white and abound in flowers; the doors are brilliant with green paint, and almost every cottage displays a flag or portrait

of the Queen. Each village has two custodians, the church and the windmill, which stand a little aloof. The women are washing, knitting or scouring great brass pots; the children play demurely on doorsteps, and the men, save for a couple of grandfathers too frail to do more than pretend to help the steamboat, are invisible. Over all is an atmosphere of thriving cheerfulness, of careful content, an atmosphere which in England is practically confined to the Eastern Counties, where there are also canals, and where, of late, Dutch labour has been introduced.



FISHING BOATS AT THE ISLAND OF MARKEN.

Let one go on a steamer from Rotterdam to Dordrecht—the Venice of Holland, the love of artists of all times—and one will see more movement, though little more hurry. All along the Maas the shipping lies thick and mainly immobile. Barges lie cheek-by-jowl, apparently empty of life; brown sails flap idly, and when fishing nets hang from the mast no man is mending them. The bigger craft seem infected with the general sleepiness. Graceful galleons,

as one likes to call them, all delicate tracery of rigging, and modern smoke-stained steamers load and unload with comfortable slowness. Yet the scene is not depressing. The windmills are busy in the cool, strong wind, and the sturdy, stiff-backed little trees line the route like a guard of honour. It is the quiet of assured prosperity, not of gaunt unemployment.

And then Holland's waterways are not all inland. The sea, once her dread, is now her profit. Alkmaar, whose thirteen hundred burghers, with "neither helmet or harness," withstood sixteen thousand Spanish veterans to such effect that it



DREAMY OLD MONIKENDAM.

hardly needed the threat of an inundation to scare them away, now fears no combat. The leisurely haggling of her Friday cheese market is her most exciting moment. And many of the buried cities of the Zuider Zee, which, indeed, have exactly the serenity and peace of a country churchyard, no longer dream of fitting out ships against the Spaniards. Instead, they fit out shining little boats, with masts like maypoles and broad, spreading keels and gay, tiny, tongue-shaped pennons, to go out even as far as the North Sea to catch fish. The fishers seem to be a good deal away, for one may pass days in the district without seeing men or boats. But if one is lucky, sooner or later one will light upon some little harbour where the ships lie at rest with tawny nets—not as beautiful as the blue sardine nets of Brittany—encrusting the masts and rigging like heavy seaweed. Fishing here seems a cheerful, rustic trade, not the fateful slavery that it is in Brittany. Certainly one cannot conceive of men going to danger and death



THE RUSH-FRINGED WATERS OF ZAANDAM.

in the quaintly absurd accoutrements of the men of Marken or even in the soft purplish costume of the Volendamers.

The traveller by the waterways is an economist. The railways are not as cheap as they are unpunctual and dilatory. There is, granted, no better way of seeing and scenting the flower-fields between Amsterdam and Haarlem than from the light railway, half train, half tram. Its halts at clean, bright villages lend zest and variety, and provide a little insight into the homely comfort of the country-side. But it is by water that the Dutchman is best expressed. The passive melancholy of his fallen cities is best seen in the empty waters and unfrequented avenues of their waterways. The placid aloofness and old-worldliness of his villages displays itself most openly in the unaffected excitement and curiosity occasioned by an unaccustomed sail or funnel. There is over all the waterways the sense of the pleasure of the race in quiet things—in neat, secretive houses gazing at their reflections in the glimmering waters; in green trees along the promenades, even on the

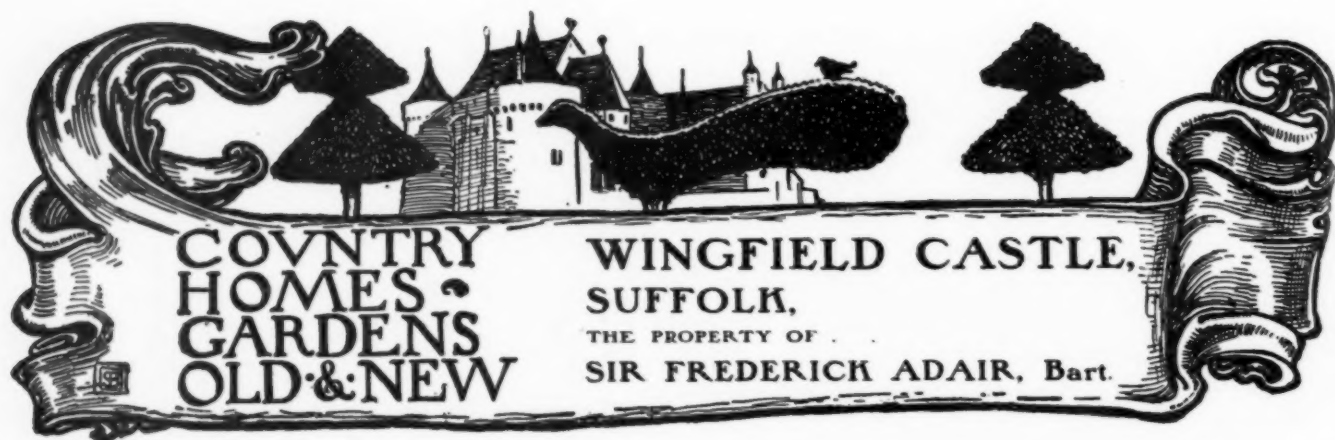


DORDRECHT, THE VENICE OF HOLLAND.

busy "boomjes" of Rotterdam; and in the seemly dignity of streets into whose homes the wayfarer cannot peer. At Alkmaar one can leave the ornate Weigh-House and the chatter of tradesmen and come in five minutes to a canal side, ineffably remote. At Zaandam the pilgrims to the hut of Peter the Great—which has collapsed under the votive offerings of royalty—have not troubled the rush-fringed waters. Water has moulded the character of the Dutchman. It was long his tyrant and is still, in some sort, his enemy. He has tamed it and made it his servant, and lives beside it—having taken all thrifty precautions—in peace. And what is servant to the Dutchman may be to Englishman a guide and a friend.



HE HAS TAMED THE WATER AND LIVES BESIDE IT.



WINGFIELD is a frontispiece of a castle, one wall of a once strong place; but seen from the right point of view facing the south and almost perfect front, it has all the dignity of its unruined state. It stands in the north-east of the county "delighting in continual evenes and plainnes," to the south of Harleston, and all about it the elms and poplars and scattered hamlets and hedgerows of the wide prospect melt into the almost waveless plain. Its defence is by water, and beyond the pond set with tall poplars, the ten-foot-wide moat girdles the place, and reflects the grey texture of the flint-built walls in its dark water. Gatehouse, wall and angle towers are in good case, though the tracery is broken in many of the windows and the trees of the garden look through them. These windows are of two lights, set high up on the wall, with heads of simple tracery, showing that Wingfield was a fortified dwelling-house rather than a castle proper. The walls are built of flint cobbles, patched here and there with time-tinted brick, with stone for the coigns and windows; for, as Reyce wrote in the seventeenth century, Suffolk has not "any quarries of stone for the use of building, our best stone is that smooth peple which serveth us for paving of courts and streets," and the imported stone was sparingly used. The plan of the site is quadrilateral, almost square, the west side being a little longer than the east—an enclosure of about an acre and a-half; and besides the almost perfect front the foundations of the north and east walls and two more angle towers are traceable. A brick bridge now leads up to the noble gatehouse, where the fine depressed pointed archway, deeply recessed and moulded, still shows the portcullis groove and the old wooden gates. On either side are the clear-cut arms of the Wingfields and de la Poles, who together made the history of the place. The gateway

is flanked by two octagonal towers, where just above the plinth the beautiful East Anglian arcading of faced flint and stone contrasts with the surface of the cobbles above. The inner towers were repaired and roofed by a Dr. Leman, one of the many eighteenth century owners, without restoring the battlements. There has been little change externally here since Buck's engraving of 1738, though the south-east tower had not then lost its battlements, and a wooden bridge spanned the moat. Within, of the staircases in the turrets, one larger than the rest gives access to a room above the entrance and to the roof. In the green enclosure, on the ruined and ivy-covered side of the south wall, there is small trace of the demolished buildings—only a piscina is seen near the west or Tudor wing.

The arms on the archway are a brief record of its early ownership. First come the Wingfields, an ancient and knightly and very widespread family, which, it is said, in the reign of Henry VIII. could show eight or nine knights at the same time and two Knights of the Garter. But before Tudor times Catharine, the only daughter and heiress of Sir John de Wingfield, soldier and favourite of the Black Prince, carried Wingfield into the de la Pole family by her marriage with Michael, first Earl of Suffolk. Before her death in 1375 Sir John's widow, Eleanor, with Thomas Wingfield, Sir John's executors, founded in accordance with his wishes a college of priests in the parish church of Wingfield, little more than a mile away, where Sir John and certain of the de la Poles lie buried. The college was surrendered in 1534.

The de la Pole's history is a chapter of tragedies, with the exception of that of the founder, William Pool, the "wurchepfull" merchant of Kingston-upon-Hull. It was his son Michael de la Pole who married the Wingfield heiress, and



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THE TUDOR WING FROM COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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PORCH AND PART OF WEST WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was advanced to the Earldom of Suffolk in 1385, during his Lord Chancellorship. He is mentioned as Lord of Wingfield in the Patent Rolls of 1387, and a few years before, in the eighth year of Richard's reign, he was given licence to crenellate his "*mansum manerii* Wyngefeld," together with his manors of Sternfield and Huntingfield in the same county, and to enclose and empark all the woods and lands belonging to Wingfield. The date of his earldom is the turning point of his

fell under his father's attainder. However, he was created in 1399 Earl of Suffolk, and this reign was a close time for the de la Poles. In the following reign, at the siege of Harfleur, where Henry V.'s troops died from fever and dysentery in the marsh air and unhealthy camps, among them was this Michael de la Pole, "a knight of the most excellent and knightly reputation," while his eldest son Michael, marching on with the army to Calais, fell a month later at Agincourt—with the usual



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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fortunes; his favour with the King unmade him, and in the spring of 1387-8 he was found guilty by Parliament of high treason. His honours were forfeited, but he himself got safely away to France, where he died shortly afterwards. It is possible that as his fall followed hard upon his licence to fortify Wingfield, that building was never fully completed. His son and heir, also named Michael, was restored to his father's dignities in 1397; but the Parliament of the first year of Henry IV.'s reign, having annulled the work of this Parliament, he again

ill-fortune of the family, one of the only two English nobles who met their end there.

The second earl, by his will, desired burial in the church of the Carthusians at Kingston-upon-Hull, if he should die in those northern parts, but no tomb to be placed over him; only a flat stone; but if he should die in any other part of England he wished to lie in the collegiate church of Wingfield. His widow, the daughter of Hugh Earl of Stafford, chose no plain stone for him, but a tomb where their sculptured wooden



"COUNTRY LIFE."

SOUTH-WEST ANGLE TOWER.

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WINGFIELD CASTLE: SOUTH FRONT.

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INNER SIDE OF GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

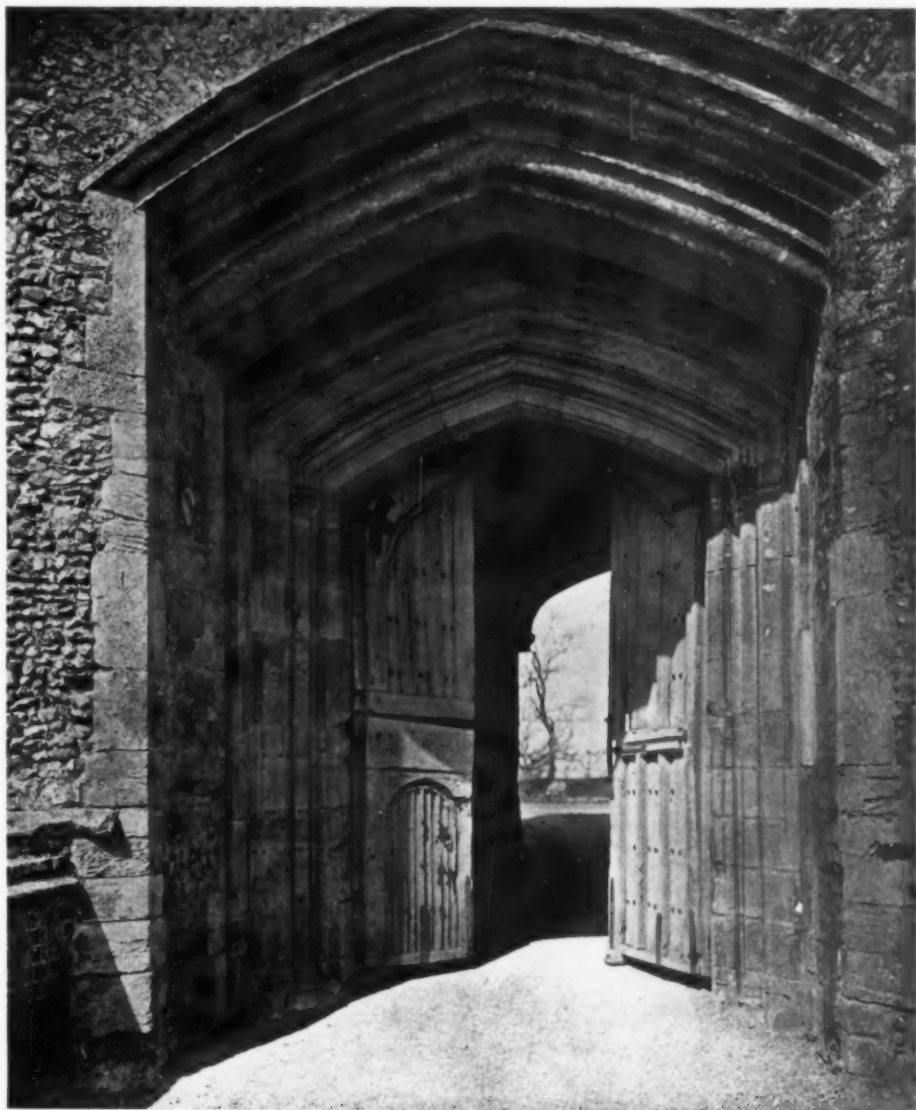
effigies lie side by side. The sculpture is extremely careful, and both figures are, besides, interesting as examples of armour and costume of the date. The Earl wears armour of the transitional period, with a jupon and gorget of plate over his camail; the Countess is dressed in a kirtle, super-tunic, and long mantle and wears a head-dress and short veil. Only a hundred years ago a coat of paint hid the gilding and colour which must have made these figures a rich, glowing centre of colour in the church. On the mouldings of the arches above them we see the wings of the Wingfields, the Stafford knot and the leopard of the de la Poles.

It was not long before a younger son of the second Earl, William de la Pole, took his place in the French War, where he served for more than thirty years. He himself is reported to have said that he "continually abode in the war seventeen years without coming home or seeing this land"; and though he slightly over-estimates his absence, Wingfield can have seen nothing of him for thirteen years. The dishonoured close of the Hundred Years' War was set to his account, and his favour with Henry VI., who raised him to the Dukedom in 1447, was not enough to check or even break his fall. He was banished in 1450—the most unpopular man in England. The last six weeks of his life were spent by him on his estate in Suffolk, and on the last day of April he came to Ipswich and took an oath on the Sacrament that he was innocent of the charges brought against him, and embarked for Flanders. Off Dover some ships were lying in wait for his passage, and he was taken on board the *Nicholas* of the Tower. He was told that he must die, but was given the whole of the next day and night to confess and prepare himself; and on the morning of May 2nd, in the sight of all his men, he was taken into a boat in which an axe and block were in readiness. One of the "lewdest" of the crew ordered him to lay down his head, for he would be fairly dealt with and die upon the sword. After this rough injustice of the execution, the body, stripped of its russet gown and doublet of velvet, was thrown upon Dover Sands, whence it was carried for burial to Wingfield.

His son John, the second Duke, was, according to a letter of Margaret Paston's, far from popular in his own county, where "they love not in no wyse the Dwke of Sowthfolk nor hys modyr." The Pastons, however, were prejudiced witnesses, on account of the Duke's attempt to seize their manor of Hellesdon. He added to the future troubles of the de la Poles by marrying the sister of Edward IV. When his son Edmund succeeded him in 1491, it was as an earl only, by a hard bargain with the King. His blood royal was a danger, and when he hurried from England in 1499, the King issued orders to arrest "any suspect person nyghe unto the see costes which shall seme . . . to be of the same affynyte." After a brief return, he spent years of harassed exile abroad, and seven years after he was surrendered to Henry in 1506; he was sent to the block by Henry VIII. as "being a man of turbulent spirit and too nearly allied to the Crown." His brother, Richard de la Pole, was evidently alive to his dangers and remained abroad, a soldier of fortune in the service of François premier. He became known as "the White Rose"—practically a thorn in the side of the English King, when convenient. On his death at Pavia, this somewhat helpless pawn in the game of politics was spoken of as the "King's dreaded enemy." With him the male line of the unfortunate race dies finally out.

The later history of Wingfield has little continuity after the de la Poles lost it on Edmund de la Pole's attainder in 1503-4, when the manor went to the Crown. Henry VIII. gave it to another Duke of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, who

exchanged it in 1538 with the Crown for other lands. Six years later it was granted to Sir Henry Jerningham and his wife, well known for his staunch support of Queen Mary on the death of King Edward, when she fled to Kenninghall, and who won the greater part of the Fleet to her cause by his daring bluff to the warships at Yarmouth. For his services he was made Master of the Horse and Vice-Chamberlain, and the fine manor of Costessey in Norfolk was bestowed upon him. In 1619, however, his grandson, Henry Jerningham, sold Wingfield to Thomas Jones and Robert Leman. Afterwards Wingfield passed into the hands of the Catelyn family from Norwich, and Thomas Catelyn was lord here in 1625. His grandson, Sir Nevill, was knighted by Charles II. and died in 1702, and his widow carried the manor to her second husband, Sir Charles Turner of Warham, who died in 1738, two years after Buck had engraved his view of the castle. Its next possessors were the Lemans, and from the Lemans it passed to Henry Wilson of Didlington in 1779,



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GATEHOUSE ARCH AND OLD WOODEN DOORS.

"C.L."

whose son became Lord Berners, and by a later Lord Berners it was sold in 1886 to the uncle of Sir Frederick Adair, its present owner.

What became of the castle, and when and why it was demolished, is uncertain. None of the material is used in the brick-built western wing abutting on the south-west tower that must have risen in the early half of the sixteenth century. It is obviously impossible, from its date, to give it to the Catelyns, who are credited with it. But the nearly defaced heraldry on the label terminations of the porch have been overlooked, which show the Jerningham crest, the demi-falcon with wings expanded, out of a ducal coronet; and Sir Henry Jerningham was granted Wingfield in 1544. Costessey in Norfolk, which he also rebuilt, was his principal seat, and his addition to Wingfield is small in extent; but with its massive chimney-stacks, its moulded brick chimneys, its wood-framed and irregularly disposed windows, it is no unworthy neighbour of the castle, which by this close neighbourhood has become no

"triste melancholy place," slighted and dismantled, but an associate of later traditions, and to-day of the quiet and busy life of a farm.

J.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE ROOK IN RUSSIA.

UNLIKE the grey or hoodie crow, which remains in Russia throughout the winter months, the rook is only a summer visitor to that country, arriving at its nesting sites on the melting of the snows in March or early April. The trees chosen by the rook for nesting purposes are noticeably smaller than is the case in this country; in fact, in some instances the nests are almost within reach from the ground, but the owners do not seem to be disturbed by the

above ground, some trees carrying more than one. Despite this interest shown on their behalf, bird life is certainly not so plentiful as in this country.

THE GAME LAWS OF THE BLACK FOREST.

In the extensive forests of silver fir and spruce which go to make up the Northern Schwarzwald, the red deer is met with, though in considerably fewer numbers than in the Scottish forests. The stags rarely join up into herds, but lead a more or less solitary life in the dense woodlands. In weight they are superior to the Scotch beasts, and I heard of one recently shot which scaled over twenty-four stone. The close season for the stag in this part of Germany extends from February 1st to May 31st; and the fact that stags may be shot in early June would seem to point to their being considered ready for the rifle before they are clear of the velvet. It will be noted that the stag may be stalked during the

rutting season—a state of affairs which would be regarded with disfavour in Scotland, where October 10th usually makes the close of the season. In the Black Forest hinds may be shot from October 1st to January 31st, this arrangement corresponding closely to that in force in the Highlands. Deer drives take place in the Schwarzwald, though there must be considerable difficulty in keeping the stags under observation in the densely wooded hill-sides. The capercaillie—the Auerhahn, as it is termed—is numerous in the more high-lying forest country, but below the one thousand five hundred-foot level it is scarce. I was interested to learn that the shooting of the hen capercaillie is prohibited throughout the year, to ensure a sufficient stock of birds being left; but from August 16th to May 31st one may shoot the cock birds. Few of these latter are accounted for except just before the nesting season, when capercaillie stalking is a famous institution in Germany. At that season of the year—chiefly during the month of April—the cock capers indulge in eccentric movements and excited call-notes at break of day, and during these evolutions are oblivious to the approach of danger. While thus occupied they can be stalked; but in the uncertain light of the dawn, progress through a thick wood is by no means easy, and an unwary step on a dead twig is sufficient to disturb every Auerhahn in the neighbourhood.

THE SCOTS PINE IN GERMANY.

In the Northern Black Forest *Pinus sylvestris* is a scarce tree, but in the Valley of the Rhine beneath, in the neighbourhood of Bruchsal, some ten thousand acres of this conifer have been planted during comparatively recent years. A century ago the forest was a broad-leaved one, composed of beech, oak and hornbeam. The alluvial soil of the district is light, consisting of sand and gravel. The draining and regulating of the course of the Rhine has caused the water level in the soil to sink several metres, so that the broad-leaved trees which hitherto covered the district are now unable to extract a sufficient supply of moisture from the ground, general "stagheadedness" resulting. It was then decided to make clear fellings and to plant Scots pine. These have done well in certain parts of the area, for as much as one shilling to one shilling and sixpence per cubic foot has been obtained for the best specimens; but it is calculated that the soil is now becoming too dry even for



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WOODEN EFFIGIES IN WINGFIELD CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

inhabitants of the various villages in the precincts of which a rookery is usually found. As often as not birches were the trees selected by the rooks in the case of the rookeries I had under observation, and another interesting point was that, on an average, the size of the nesting colonies was distinctly smaller. Many of the rooks which arrive on our Eastern coasts in November undoubtedly have made their way from the plains of Russia, flying inland as far as Germany, and then crossing the North Sea to our shores. The magpie is another bird which I met with commonly in Russia, but the carrion crow, as far as my observations went, was decidedly scarce. While in Russia I was interested in noting that nesting-boxes were here as prevalent as in Germany—certainly much more so than in these islands. Almost every cottage garden had its nesting-boxes nailed up at various elevations

these xerophytic trees, and they have, during the past year or two, suffered greatly from the attacks of *Lophyrus pini*—one of the Tenthredinidæ or sawflies, the larvæ of which Hymenopterous insect have in certain cases stripped the trees of almost every needle. The villagers of the neighbourhood are permitted to remove the litter from beneath the trees without payment, though

in return for this privilege they are required to dig the soil and to sow Scots pine in certain areas free of charge. This removal of litter seems to be a somewhat unfortunate policy, for the soil is thus left bare, and, in the absence of a mulch, much valuable moisture is evaporated off during the dry summer months.

SETON GORDON.

NOTES ON THE WOODS OF CULFORD HALL

CULFORD HALL, the residence of Earl Cadogan, situate in the county of Suffolk, comprises approximately 13,000 acres, of which 2,500 acres to 3,000 acres are woodland, these woods being under the capable management of Mr. Charles Hankins, the head forester of the estate. The nursery, where the majority of the trees are tended in their initial stages, commands a slightly sloping, fairly open site, and occupies several acres; this is protected on one side by a belt of pines. Here the seedling beds are 3ft. to 4ft. in breadth and of varying length, and are in many cases, especially where seed has only recently been sown, or where germination is in progress, fenced in by boards 6in. to 9in. high, over which fine mesh wire netting is either nailed or loosely placed, to protect them from the ravages of rabbits, birds and rodents. Moreover, to counteract the desiccating effects of the sun's rays in summer, and to protect the seedlings from the extreme cold in winter, twigs of spruce are laid across these beds, which have also the additional advantage of checking frost lifting, a serious item in seedlings, as also in newly planted plots. Beds containing about 70,000 seedlings of Scots pine looked particularly happy under this treatment, the seed having been sown the year previous, in April. This seed was received from the firm of Vilmorin of Paris, the forester preferring this to home grown seed on account of its purity and its high germinative capacity. Adjoining beds of Corsican pine, of seed from the same source, showed, however, a much smaller percentage of germinations; but this may perhaps be ascribed to thinner sowing. Mr. Hankins considers it an excellent and remunerative practice of sowing conifers on beds previously occupied by a broad-leaf crop, such as beech, as it mitigates, or completely checks, the destructive effects of the damping-off



A PART OF THE NURSERY.

fungus, *Phytophthora omnivora*, a foe claiming many victims, particularly in excessively damp situations. Two year old seedlings of the Western Larch (*Larix occidentalis*) averaged 9in. high, while the Japanese *Larix leptolepis* of the same age scarcely exceeded half a foot. The Silesian larch, a form of the common larch, promises to do well in England, and on account of this is being tried here.

Preparatory to sowing beech masts, the nuts are swept together with the dung of the sheep, allowed to roam under the beeches, and sown with this natural fertiliser to a depth of about 2in., observing also the protective methods described above. Mice and rats, as is well known, show a particular regard to acorns, and as a preventive they are covered with red lead before sowing, though latterly these creatures have learnt the art of peeling the husks off these and gaining their desire without any ill effect to themselves. Batches of one year old seedlings of lilac and *Vitis Coignetiae* were also observed, the former having retained their leaves, which were of a decided ruby red tinge. *Vitis coignetiae*, a vine of sterling merit, though of no forestal importance, is now extensively used on account of its handsome leaves, which assume most gorgeous autumnal tints, and can therefore be used with considerable effect in the embellishment of pleasure-grounds. The devastating effects of the wireworm are all too plainly visible here in the numerous blanks of the beech beds, and to palliate this evil the forester resorts to the method of throwing 2cwt. of agricultural salt broadcast on about fifty perches of land, repeating the operation, should it be necessary, about April to a lesser degree. No hoeing-in of the salt is necessary, as the first shower of rain effects the desired object. A plot of four-year healthy Corsican pine, in rows about 9in. apart, indicated that very little loss had been sustained in their transplantation, this being largely obviated by spade-lifting, which is practised about February. By this means the tap roots of the young plants are severed, and this incites



CLOSER VIEW OF THE WINDBREAK OF SCOTS PINE.

the formation of a fibrous rooted system, an all important desideratum in the successful management of these critical conifers. Three year old Scots, similarly treated, evinced unmistakable signs of happy growth.

A striking example of the differences accruing from seminal and vegetative reproduction was afforded by batches of six year old Syringas, plants grown from seed being far and away more robust, though dwarfer and branching freely from the base and promising fine heads, while those raised from suckers were spindly and lanky in the extreme. Another interesting comparative case was that of two batches of the common pedunculate oak raised from large and small acorns respectively; those raised from the former being nearly twice the size of those sprung from small acorns. These results are, however, far from being conclusive, as the acorns were selected from different trees, and the larger may possibly have been derived from a vigorous parent. In contradistinction, acorns selected from one tree and grouped into large

the practice is considered a good investment on the dry sandy stretches of Culford Hall, in view of the small loss

sustained in transplanting, for, as is well known, the greater the depth of soil stirred the greater its power of conserving moisture, an all-important factor on newly planted stretches. About three thousand five hundred plants go to the acre, and as the practice of planting in lines is a more expensive procedure, the matter of distance between the individual plants is gauged by the eye of the planter.

An adjoining plantation of spruce, Japanese larch, Scots pine, with a sprinkling of Austrian, now ten years old, formed on precisely similar lines, looked exceedingly healthy, the ground cover being in excellent condition. Another wood of approximately the same age, or perhaps a trifle younger, three-quarters of a mile long, of beech, oak and larch, primarily meant for beech, suggested, if anything, too great a preponderance of conifers, and that if the latter were not speedily thinned, the suppression of the broad leaved crop was threatened. These young

woods, owing to the ravages of rabbits, are all fenced in by means of wire netting, backed by low, close-clipped



NINETEEN YEAR OLD PLANTATION OF BLACK ITALIAN POPLAR AND SPRUCE



SEVEN YEAR OLD PLANTATION OF SCOTS LARCH, BEECH AND OAK.

and small respectively were sown at Colesborne, the residence of Mr. H. J. Elwes, and the subsequent plants of many of the large acorns were decidedly decrepit and far inferior in point of growth to many derived from the smaller acorns. Indeed, this fascinating subject is in need of thorough investigation, and promises some interesting results. In many cases broad-leavers and conifers are sown together in the nursery at Culford, such as beech with spruce, Scots or other pine, the first mentioned acting in a minor degree as nurse, and when large enough to threaten obstruction of the requisite amount of light for the conifers, are removed and transplanted. In the formation of the plantation, the land is ploughed to a depth of 15in. to 20in. with a machine, of which certain parts have been specially devised by the forester; by this means the ground is not only sufficiently disturbed to the requisite depth, but inverts the sod so completely that the upper layer of soil, rich in its plant-food and concomitant of weeds, is placed in the position where the roots of the transplants can utilise them to the fullest extent. Despite the expense of ploughing,



PANDANI-LIKE SCOTS PINES

hedges of spruce or Scots pine, the former by far the best species for this work, ensuring a compact hedge, which rarely deteriorates at the bottom. In fact, when hedges of Scots pine attain to a height of 20ft. they are the reverse of ornamental, affording, moreover, small protection as a wind-break and less from cattle.

None of the trees on this estate appears to be of any considerable age, except an oak which, at the back of the forester's residence, is now dead, and is computed to be about seven hundred years old. The skeleton of the trunk alone remains, and this could easily accommodate half-a-dozen standing persons. In short walking distance from this, on rather low-lying, black, sandy ground, a plantation of about two acres of Scots pine and ash, with a sprinkling of Douglas fir, has been formed; the Scots is ten years old and three years in advance of the ash, and on account of threatening almost complete canopy has been pruned considerably this year, to allow more light to the ash; these trimmings are utilised for various purposes and the forester is very optimistic as regards the result of this wholly new venture.

A very interesting group of large Scots pine occurs near the Westho School, where, owing to the sand having been removed for several years for estate purposes, their roots have become so exposed that the individual trees appear to be supported on a pyramid of roots, not unlike the stilt-roots of the screw-pines or Pandani of the Tropics. Curiously enough, the exposed roots have become covered with bark essentially similar to that of the trunks, and it would be interesting to note, therefore, the correlations which, no doubt, exist in the structure of their wood. Paradoxically though it may seem, the forester assures me that despite the soil removed from their

roots, these specimens are far more wind-firm than neighbouring Scots whose roots are hidden.

A twelve-acre, nineteen year old stand of black Italian poplar and spruce flanks the lake, from which a view of the mansion is obtained; the former is now 50ft. to 55ft. in height, while the spruce varies from 15ft. to 25ft. The poplars, which are with few exceptions females, have been propagated by means of cuttings—a favourite mode of propagation with these and willows—and though this sex is invariably regarded the faster grower, two male trees on the opposing bank, of similar age, were 70ft. to 80ft. high, with a trunk-girth of about 6ft., 5ft. from the base.

Where circumstances are propitious, ash is extensively cultivated, as the forester is always able to dispose of this timber at a very remunerative price, the wood being in great use for tennis-rackets and the other paraphernalia associated with English sport.

The black spruce, *Picea nigra*, a rather rare conifer in England, is represented here by several freely cone-bearing specimens, 10ft. to 25ft. high, but none of these can be designated as handsome, owing no doubt to lack of the requisite amount of light. Culford Hall is one of the few places in England where natural regeneration is an established fact. By keeping rabbits in check, vigorous seedlings of birch, beech, larch, spruce, silver fir, Scots pine, now in various stages of growth up to several feet, have sprung up and promise well. By gradually felling the old trees, against the direction of the prevailing summer and autumn winds, the seeds are scattered in the partially vacant places left by the felled trees, and, if they find the requisite medium, easily germinate, and eventually represent the potential stand.

R. A. DUMMER.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SO very cordial a welcome was extended to the first volume of *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley 1818-1873* (John Murray) that everybody is now reading the second volume. It might almost be called "The Book of the Duke of Wellington"; at any rate, he is the dominating figure in it. He is shown, not so much as the leader of armies, but rather as a member of society. The net result is certainly to increase our admiration of him. He was one of the old nobility, possessed of many of the prejudices of his order, but he can be trusted on every occasion to act and speak with the strong practical sense that was his leading characteristic. As a statesman he seems to differ in kind from his contemporaries. He did not like either the Reform Bill or the introduction of Free Trade; but, in the case of both, when he saw that the country wanted them he laid his own prepossessions aside, on the principle that the Government of the King had to be carried on. There was no attempt on his part to dissemble his views or even to conciliate public opinion. He described the position simply and sincerely, without equivocation or hesitancy. Even Lady Shelley got into grief when he thought she had abused his confidence. He is shown in the most playful and familiar light in his correspondence about a blouse that he had bought for her:

London, December 23, 1822.

MY DEAR LADY SHELLEY,

Your blouse goes to you by the stage to-morrow. But mind! You are to wear it the first time that you dine with me, with the Tiranna!

Ever yours most affectionately,

WELLINGTON.

But the tone was changed after Lady Shelley indiscreetly let the public know about his letter in regard to the defences of the country. His language was almost savage:

Cobbet wrote, some years ago, that nobody could, with truth, accuse me of being a fool! I hope that I am not become foolish in my old age!

Look at what is passing all over the country on this subject, in consequence of the ill-timed, and indiscreet measures adopted by the ladies—your ladyship, Lady and Miss Burgoyne among them—and the gossips of the world, in order to bring it under discussion. I foresaw this; but I must say that my principal view in trying to keep the subject in its regular channel was that I knew it was the only efficient one; and moreover, the only safe (one) for the Publick Interests.

However, there you have it; so make the most of it! I have had no communication with Lord Ellesmere, he could not have had any with me—I desire to have none with him. Wherever I go, or wherever I may be, I will positively deny, upon my honour, that I ever communicated to him any opinion whatever on his letter in the *Times* newspaper.

Ever your Ladyship's most obedient

Humble servant,

WELLINGTON.

It will be noticed that the "Yours most affectionately" is changed into the very formal and distant "Ever your Ladyship's

most obedient humble servant." Sir John Shelley, who must have been a very delightful man, succeeded after a long time in bringing to an end the estrangement which followed this episode. At a party where the two had met in 1850:

"Good evening, Duke," said Sir John in his most winning manner, "Do you know, it has been said, by someone who must have been present, that the cackling of geese once saved Rome? I have been thinking that perhaps the cackling of my old Goose may yet save England!"

This wholly unexpected sally proved too much for the Duke, who burst out into a hearty laugh. "By G—d, Shelley!" said he; "you are right: give me your honest hand."

But although the Duke of Wellington is the leading character in the play, it must not be thought that there are no others. In 1819 Lady Shelley made an excursion Northward, sleeping the first night at Warwick and eventually entering Scotland by Langholme. Walter Scott, with his wife and daughter, came over to meet the party and invited them to Abbotsford:

At the Sun at Newton Don the poet was decidedly out of his element. The gentlemen sat talking at the dinner-table till past eleven o'clock, and ended up with whiskey punch at three o'clock in the morning.

Lady Shelley found Mrs. Scott a great bore, and on that occasion Scott himself was not at his best. But Lady Shelley and he seemed to have had a good time afterwards. They had met in Paris in 1815. "Abbotsford," she says, "has the appearance of a castle built of pastry—something like those we see on a supper table." The following description of the conversation adds something alike to our knowledge of the Wizard and of his work; it took place before the authorship was known:

At dinner last night, while they were discussing "Waverley" and the Scotch Novels, I ventured to say that, in my opinion, their heroes and heroines are, for the most part, insipid, and that sufficient justice had not been done to the female characteristics.

Scott said that this fault was probably due to the author's fear of being charged with immorality; he therefore made his characters as blameless as possible. "An author," said he, "would not like to have his work called immoral."

Scott paid me a very pretty compliment upon my riding at Paris. Someone at table was praising a certain lady's horsemanship, when Scott stopped him, and remarked that no one could ride so well as I did, and that the manner in which I rode at the Review must have been seen to be believed. He concluded with these words: "I am quite sure that the author of the Scottish Novels must have seen Lady Shelley ride, ere he described *Die Vernon*."

There is a letter from Scott to Percy Bysshe Shelley that is a fine mixture of caution and encouragement. In the course of it Scott says:

The friends who know me best, and to whose judgment I am myself in the constant habit of trusting, reckon me a very capricious and uncertain judge of poetry, and I have had repeated occasion to observe that I have often failed in anticipating the reception of poetry from the public. Above all, sir, I must warn you against suffering yourself to suppose that the power of enjoying natural

beauty, and poetical description, is necessarily connected with that of producing poetry. The former is really a gift of Heaven, which conduces inestimably to the happiness of those who enjoy it; the second has much more of knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit, but at any rate is only valuable when combined with the first.

Of the less famous characters appearing in the book, a high place will be given to Mrs. Arbuthnot, whose long and intimate friendship with Wellington is well known. She was very properly called a prudent and silent woman, and undoubtedly it was these qualities that made her so useful to Wellington. She it was to whom he so frequently refers playfully as "the Tyrant." The following account of her sets a great deal of gossip at rest:

Mrs. Arbuthnot, who was often the Duke's adviser, and gave him her clear and honest opinion on matters of which others were afraid to speak—views inspired by her clear brain—was invaluable to the Duke. Their intimacy may have given gossips an excuse for scandal; but I, who knew them both so well, am convinced that the Duke was not her lover. He admired her very much—for she had a manlike sense—but Mrs. Arbuthnot was devoid of womanly passions, and was, above all, a loyal and truthful woman. She had, from her childhood, been accustomed to live in the society of clever old people. She married, when very young, old Arbuthnot, who found her so perfectly discreet, that he and Lord Castlereagh—when in office—talked openly in her presence, with a sense of absolute security. The Duke of Wellington fell into the same habit at her house, and would see people there, without the fuss of an interview which would have found its way into the newspapers. We three together formed a perfect union, where no jealousy or littleness of feeling ever intruded to destroy its harmony.

A MODERN POET.

Peacock Pie, by Walter de la Mare. (Constable.)

THERE is no need for us to enlarge on the whims and fancies, the unexpectedness, the romance and imaginativeness of these poems of Mr. Walter de la Mare, since the best of them were published in our own columns and evoked much attention and admiration. Instead of criticising them, we will do ourselves, and we hope our readers, the pleasure of making a simple quotation. The poem selected is one that Blake might have written, and, indeed, the cadences are those of Blake:

WILL EVER?

Will he ever be weary of wandering,
The flaming sun?
Ever weary of waning in lovelight,
The white still moon?
Will ever a shepherd come
With a crook of simple gold,
And lead all the little stars
Like lambs to the fold?

Will ever the Wanderer sail
From over the sea,
Up the river of water,
To the stones to me?
Will he take us all into his ship,
Dreaming, and waft us far,
To where, in the clouds of the West,
The Islands are?

FORESTRY.

A Hand Book of Forestry, by W. P. Hudson, M.A. (The Coopers' Laboratory for Economic Research, Walford.)

THIS book has, so it is stated, been written to provide landowners and land-agents with adequate information on the general principles of practical forestry, or such as will enable them at least to realise the importance of the subject and assist them in the initiation of more systematic and correct methods of dealing with land, whether it be existing woodland or waste land calling for profitable development. The author starts with the assumption that no, or few, landowners or their agents have even an elementary knowledge of forestry, whereas he should know that such is not the case and that most land-agents, at all events, have a knowledge of the general principles underlying the practices of forestry. Of course, it is true that mistakes have been made, and no doubt are still being made, judged from a strictly silvicultural standpoint, in the management of woods on estates in this country, but this in many cases is due to reasons other than want of knowledge on the part of those concerned. In any case, this work is hardly likely to lessen the mistakes or add much to the knowledge of those for whom it is written. The somewhat ambitious task which the author sets himself is dealt with in seventy-six pages, divided into eight chapters, including the first, which is an introduction. Chapter II. deals with nurseries and nursery-work in the usual way, but the division of a nursery into rectangular beds three feet six inches wide seems unnecessary, and the advice to plant up "culls" ought not to be followed. Chapter III., on the establishment of woods, is very general, and in places contradictory. We quite agree that extensive drainage should, wherever possible, be avoided by the selection of species that will grow on wet, or as it is termed, swampy ground, but Scots pine is hardly the tree for such land. Chapter IV. deals with conditions affecting growth, and the trees suited for various soils are set out in tabular form. Spanish chestnut is, however, not usually considered a tree to plant on calcareous soils, neither does sand and gravel, without some qualification, appear to be really ideal soils for oak, while such trees as Sitka spruce and poplar might have been included in the list of trees suited for clay soils, which is a most difficult soil to deal with. It is hardly necessary to deal in detail with the remaining chapters, which all show evidence of having been hurriedly compiled. The remarks on the care of ornamental trees are of some value, but the statement that "cleaning up the stems of larch prevents the growth of larch canker" is not at all clear, or correct. This work has been compressed into too small a compass to be of any real value, and while interesting, it cannot be recommended as a useful

guide for those who wish for a short, concise work on forestry, more especially as there are many small and cheap books on elementary forestry which are much more satisfactory. There are several illustrations and an index.

A RIVER OF FRANCE.

The Loire, by Douglas Goldring. (Constable.)

THIS is an interesting record of a pilgrimage from Gerbier des Jones to St. Nazaire. The writer, in the neighbourhood of the source of the Loire, was seized with a desire to discover it for himself; and with that end in view, at some inconvenience, set out to do so. The source proudly pointed out to him, in an emotional moment he vowed to himself to follow the river from that point to the sea, and the result of this vow is to be found in the volume before us. When we lay it down eventually, we know a good deal about the author as well as of the places he visited; and, on the whole, we must acknowledge the journey we have vicariously taken has been an enjoyable one. Probably this may be accounted for by the fact that Mr. Goldring himself put in a very good time, and the influence of his mood has worked its way into his work, from which quite obviously, he cannot dissociate himself. Laying the book down, we have several visions of the author: one, in the chalet of the Syndicat d'Initiative du Velay, where he eats a lonely and chill meal whereat he wants to scream; another when, between Cinq-Mars and Langeais, "Dazzled by a sudden riot of colour," the headiness of the picture of a field of young corn, scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, was almost suffocating, and made the author "dizzy with a weird kind of sensuous delight"; and a third when, at Beaugency, "I had the sensation of actually bathing in light. I could almost feel it on my forehead, and on my lips the touch of it was like a kiss that is given only once—exquisite, but tinged with an inevitable bitterness." These irrelevancies have struck us. A word must be said for the illustrations, in colour and black and white, by A. L. Collins: they are admirable; while the narrative itself would make a useful and attractive guide for those who may be fired by it to follow Mr. Goldring's footsteps.

LEISURELY ESSAYS.

Joyous Gard, by A. C. Benson. (John Murray.)

THE title of Mr. A. C. Benson's latest book, *Joyous Gard*, taken from the name of Sir Lancelot's castle in the *Morte D'Arthur*, is used to symbolise that inner "fortress of beauty and joy" to which the soul may flee for rest and renewal. As usual, Mr. Benson, in this series of leisurely essays, ranges over a wide field of life and literature, treating his subjects in his characteristic manner of intimacy, tranquil tolerance and gentle didacticism. The object Mr. Benson has set himself in this book is to help people to live, "To design, plan, use, practice life." To some it will appear that there should be more spontaneity in the art of living; that to think too much about how to live is to miss something of life itself, just as to think about health signifies that one has already lost it. But to another type of temperament this book will bring help and illumination, for it deals, sympathetically and delicately, with the problems of everyday people in everyday life, the problems that, although universal, are yet more or less unvoiced, because most of us are too shy or too proud to discuss them with others. This human hunger for sympathy, comprehension and fellowship in paths that only when they are solitary are unbearable, Mr. Benson sets himself, with manifest sincerity, to satisfy. The particular danger that besets him is one that he himself recognises clearly, as is evidenced by an essay, "Deliberation," in an earlier work, *The Silent Isle*, just re-issued in a cheaper edition. It is possible to love an art not altogether wisely, simply because too well, and Mr. Benson puts this excellently when he says, "One writes too much, forgets to fill the cistern; one uses up the old phrases, the old ideas. All which is a sore temptation to a forgetful writer like myself, who re-invents and re-discovers the old sentences with a shock of pleasing novelty and originality, only to find it all written in an earlier book." Much of *Joyous Gard* must be acknowledged to belong to this category; nevertheless, many of the things that Mr. Benson has to say are part of the book of eternal verities, and if he says them more than once, he does it with a loving care and a happy accuracy in his choice of words that often invests them with a new significance.

AN IRISH STORY.

The Story of Mary Dunne, by M. E. Francis. (John Murray.)

MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL'S heroine, Mary Dunne, is of the Irish peasant class. Her story, a simple and pitiable one, is told with great sincerity and artistic restraint. Mary is well on in her teens when she is sent down to Father Delaney's at Kilmachree. She there meets Mat Kinsella, Father Delaney's "boy," and the two young people are on the fairway to falling in love when Mike Dunne, Mary's father, decides that the match is not to be. His Mary is too good for one in the position of Mat Kinsella. The young man is heart-broken, but determined to win his sweetheart, and, like many another Irishman before him, seeks his fortune in America. Luck turns against the Dunnes, and reluctantly the parents agree to allow Mary to leave her native land and take a situation in a factory in Preston. The unhappy, inexperienced young woman never reaches her destination. On the boat, crossing to Liverpool, she accepts the advances of a woman who offers to befriend her. A few months later the old priest, urgently sent for, meets Mary again in a Liverpool hospital, where she is suffering from injuries she has received through throwing herself before a motor-car in the streets. With great delicacy and understanding Mrs. Blundell describes for us the return of Mary to her home, her gradual rehabilitation in her own eyes, the tragedy that brings her and her lover together in the end. There is not one unnecessary word, and the beauty and simplicity of the wholesome picture of the Irish country-side is arrestingly conveyed, while the figure of Father Delaney lingers in the mind as one full of dignity and pathos.

It appears that we made a wrong guess at the authorship of *By the Bush Bog*. Miss Somerville and Martin Ross have had nothing to do with it. The authors, in a very courteous, and, indeed, cordial letter, write to say that the story was "entirely founded on incidents which occurred within our own knowledge and are original." At the same time, they agree that "it is not surprising that the advertisement of their (Miss Somerville and Martin Ross) works which appeared on the first page misled you."

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL AS FARMER.

FEW need telling that the President of the Royal Agricultural Society this year is himself more than a practical farmer. Agriculture is his greatest interest, and there are few branches of it on which he does not speak with the authority of an expert. But to realise this fully it is necessary to visit his home at Stratton in "Woody" Hampshire. For the writer, to go again was to recall familiar scenes. The last time I was there was during the life of his distinguished predecessor, one of the most charming as he was certainly one of the ablest men of his time. But it was not as an agriculturist that the late Lord Northbrook had won his way to fame. He understood the politics and economy of husbandry, but his interests were those of one who has long experience of affairs. A learned friend of mine who knew him in India and is a profound judge of men holds that of all Indian Viceroy's he was the most dignified, and dignity is a very necessary quality in that exalted position. It required a true and good eye to discern this as a leading characteristic. Lord Northbrook's dignity was innate and owed nothing to pomp or ceremony. His talk ranged over the field of his experience—India, politics, the men and the affairs of his time—but it was never egotistic, never in the slightest degree of the nature of a monologue. On the contrary, his questions were endless. He always wanted to find out what little piece of territory new to him might exist in the mind of his guest. In literature and art he was very greatly interested, and, not without good reason, was proud of the fine collection of pictures at Stratton House. In those days the present Lord Northbrook rented the home farm from his father, and at his death naturally continued to farm it.

Our illustrations will give the best idea of Lord Northbrook as a landowner and as a farmer. Many of our readers

already know the county and the kind of husbandry natural to it. The composition of the soil might be divined by the latest arrival, who, getting out at Micheldever Station, lets his eye rest on a railway cutting where, like a huge natural escarpment, stands out the chalk with a thin layer of mould on the top. Though no great distance from Basingstoke, the aspect of the estate and the land lying round it is one of remoteness and seclusion. In it you feel yourself far removed from the din of agrarian or any other agitation. There is no land

question and no shortness of cottages at Stratton. In these three villages—East Stratton, West Stratton and Micheldever—the comfortable Hampshire style of dwelling has been carefully preserved; everybody knows the neatly shaped thatched roofs of the typical Hampshire cottage. On Lord Northbrook's estate there are plenty of them, and they are kept in first-rate repair. This may account for the fact that there is no scarcity of labour, and that, although a certain amount of emigration continu-

ally goes on, it keeps within a healthy and reasonable limit. A very obvious moral would appear to be that it is wisdom on the part of the landlord to keep an abundance of cottages on his estate. I know of no district where a habitable one is allowed to remain empty; where a deficiency of labour is being felt there is, generally speaking, a deficiency of cottages. Farmers in taking their holdings are obliged nowadays to consider this class of accommodation. The President of the Royal lets his at the very low rent of something like a shilling a week. I have no reason to suppose that he bases this upon theory. On the contrary, he only carries out the system of his predecessors. But my opinion is that the building of cottages for agricultural labourers and the letting of them at a cheap rent is economical in the end. The landowner should put it down as part of the ordinary equipment of his



THE STOCK BULL.



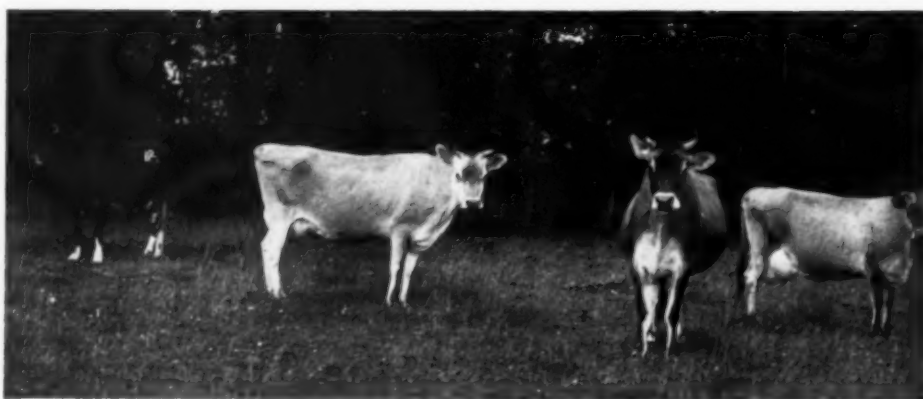
BLUE-GREYS AT PASTURE.

estate, and look for his return in the shape of improved letting value. In addition to the advantage of occupying good houses at a cheap rent, the people have an excellent village hall provided for their use. Lord Northbrook presented it to them a few years ago, having built it as a memorial to his father. Simple in design and solid in workmanship and material, this hall is a model of what such places should be. During the winter months it is very much used for lectures and entertainments. One cannot help feeling surprise that with so good a model at hand, leasehold and other builders in the neighbourhood should go on putting up the same ill-proportioned, ugly houses that their fathers and grandfathers did in the Victorian Era.

The land in this district is very light, and rents are correspondingly low, remaining, indeed, pretty much what they were at the time of the depression. No rents are raised on a sitting tenant. On the estate are twenty-five small holdings of the old type, and this appears to satisfy the needs of the population. At any rate, no demand has arisen in consequence of the new Act. It is not likely to arise either, since this light land is very unsuitable for the purpose. It is the worst soil for the intensive cultivation of fruit and vegetables. But how difficult it was to realise that in a day close



BORDERERS IN THE SOUTH.



THE JERSEY MILKING HERD.

to that of "Barnaby Bright" in a glorious summer! Its suitability for producing good crops might be judged by the tropical luxuriance of the grasses and weeds of the roadside. This was magnificently reflected in the field, wherein, with the modern machinery of hay-cutters and tedders, giant rakes and elevators, farmhands were engaged in saving the most bountiful crop of hay produced for the last twenty-five years. Haycocks lying big and thick in the fields told their own story, even if the information had not been given that on one farm a yield of two tons to the acre had been secured. Nor need the farmer be discouraged by thinking he will not get a price for it. As long as feeding-stuffs keep near the high level at which they have

been for a long while now, good hay, such as ought to be made in this weather, will command its value. In other directions the prospect is almost equally good. Cereals are looking well, with plenty of straw, but not too much of it. Many of the Hampshire farmers go in nowadays for potato-growing—a very remunerative crop in a good year—and so far the tubers have done well. The farmer and the land alike are in good heart. Lord Northbrook's own crops look as well as could be desired. The advantages to a landowner running a farm on his account become very clear when the arrangement



CLEARING THE WAY.



THE MOWING MACHINE AT WORK.

is seen in working order. It gives him an understanding of estate problems which could not otherwise be obtained at first hand. The character of the season, on which so much depends, is made manifest in his own stock and barn yards.



THE HOMESTEAD FARM BUILDINGS.

Thus he is bound to understand and appreciate the troubles and difficulties which beset his tenants, and can talk to them in



PHEASANT-REARING IN THE LONG GRASS.

their own language. As an employer of labour in personal contact with the men, he gets to understand the individualities and character of the entire population on the estate.

In view of the desperate attempts now being made to revive the old controversies about sport, it may be interesting to notice what is the practice of a great agriculturist who is also a sportsman. There are about two thousand



HAMPSHIRE THATCH AT EAST STRATTON.



THE VILLAGE STREET, MICHELDEVER.



LORD NORTHBROOK'S MEMORIAL TO HIS FATHER.



THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE PARK.

pheasants reared annually at Stratton. Foolish writers have recently declaimed against this practice as though the food of the birds were abstracted from the farmer's grain. In reality friction is generated much more freely by the owner who depends on wild birds than by him who rears. Where dependence is placed upon the wild stock, there can only be a decent number brought to the gun if unceasing vigilance is exercised. Suspicious keepers must ever be on the prowl to prevent farm labourers from making a fry of the convenient clutch of eggs and even carrying them off for sale. Rigorous war has to be waged also not only against stoats and the other wild depredators, but the prized inmates of the cottage home, the harmless necessary cat and the rambling dog. It is no defence of the latter to show that he is no lurcher and does not hunt. Should he be innocence personified, he may still do a great deal of harm by merely disturbing the game in a frolic. Hence the keeper is compelled to use his gun and, reasonably or not, gets himself hated for doing so. Game in process of rearing, on the contrary, are almost under lock and key. Very little sympathy is felt for the thief who is caught red-handed in the rearing field. On an exceptionally well-wooded estate like Stratton, too, the pheasants can easily be fed and handled in their proper environment.

Such reflections as these are not very germane to the immediate case. Hampshire is a very sporting county. But they came naturally as we progressed past the rearing field to the home farm. Lord Northbrook is a well-known Shorthorn man, and although not showing much just now, there is always plenty in hand to interest. We give a portrait of his stock bull, and there were four promising young bulls that eminently deserve a similar honour. It may be noted that milk for the house is supplied by a useful little herd of Jerseys. As grazing cattle Lord Northbrook finds the blue-greys—a cross between

Shorthorn and Aberdeen Angus which he buys at Carlisle—a profitable breed. They suffer from the handicap of the expense involved in a long railway journey, which must work out at something like two pounds a head; but even so give great satisfaction.

The park at Stratton possesses many features of interest, and is very unlike the conception of such a place which the agrarian agitator tries to impress on the public mind. His argument generally runs to the effect that a park is a large portion of land withdrawn from the uses of agriculture and kept for the purpose of gratifying the pleasures of a single individual and his friends. The exact opposite is the case here. The park is treated as part of the home farm. In one part of it a fine flock of sheep was grazing—a flock, by the bye, that one would be more likely to expect in the North of England than in the South. Another large section was being hayed; and it would not have been surprising to find the Shorthorns grazing on another part of it. But this does not end the story. What must, one thinks, be the prettiest elementary school in England is hidden away at the end of a walk bordered by beautifully kept green turf. The park is the playground of the pupils. Within its confines, too, are several cottages for the workmen of the estate, so that its beauty and utility are shared by all, while it contributes its full quota to the food product of the country.

One cannot leave the subject without at least an allusion to the great changes accomplished in the garden within the course of a few years, these being specially due to the taste of Lady Northbrook. Here are yew hedges, which are supposed to require a lifetime to come to maturity, already advanced enough to add to the beauty of the gardens; paved pathways with a radiance of flowers; walled gardening that will compare with any; to say nothing of a rock garden which completes the scheme.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

THESE impressions of the Open Championship from Hoylake are going to take the form of a diary, a little bit being added at end of each of the five strenuous days that are now necessary to decide who is to be open champion. Of those five days three are devoted to qualifying rounds, and these, though they only lead up to the real business, are growing to be terribly hard work for the players. Twenty men qualify on each day, and yet so high is the standard of play that let anybody, however great a golfer, be ever so little off his game and he has to fight for dear life. The greater the players, it might almost be said, the more they dislike this preliminary torture, and Taylor on Friday and Mr. Hilton and Ray on Saturday looked uncommonly glad when it was all over and they were still numbered among the living. There is only one golfer who really seems to enjoy it and that is Herd, who certainly deserves the title of qualifying champion of the world. Towards the end of the championship proper he grows sometimes over-anxious, but in the preliminary rounds he plays with positive gaiety, and never gives his friends the least cause for nervousness. And now with these qualifying remarks I will come to the diary.

Thursday, 19th.—This was the day out of the three which the fortune of the draw had packed with good players, and so it was only fitting that it should be a difficult one, a typical blustering, squally Hoylake day, with the wind blowing from the west. There were bad times and good times. Duncan had probably the worst of the weather, Mr. Abe Mitchell, at the end of the list, had the best; but the golf was never in the least easy. Under the circumstances the standard of golf was extraordinarily high—I never remember to have been so profoundly impressed by it before—and players who could compass thirty-six holes in 160 strokes and yet not qualify were, indeed, to be pitied. The best golf was full of interest. Laurence Ayton, who ought to win a championship some day, did 152, and Cyril Walker, a completely unknown player who had once been in Jack Morris' shop without creating any extraordinary sensation by his golfing prowess, was but one stroke worse with 153. Mr. Abe Mitchell ended the day with a magnificent 74. Most interesting of all, however, were the "strugglers"—Braid, Duncan and McDermott, the American. Braid certainly presented rather a melancholy sight as, arrayed in big, coloured spectacles, he began with a six at the first, and went on with a still more disastrous seven at the third. Yet he pulled himself together so splendidly and played such wonderful golf in the middle of the round that he could afford 6, 5, 5 to end with, and yet do a 79. In the afternoon he never

made one in the least anxious. All, or very nearly all, the old fire and certainty came back to his game; the "Orion" putter, an ugly but apparently serviceable instrument, was very steady on the greens, and all went swimmingly for a 76. McDermott, the American, also began very badly with 6, 4, 7, and the six at the first might well have been an eight, for twice the ball struck the turf wall and bounded back into safety. He had, too, a terribly lucky six at the Briars. After that he played manfully, and with 79 in the morning and 80 in the afternoon he just saved his neck. Over Duncan one can only shed the silent tear. He was probably the favourite for the whole championship, and he played so badly that he would hardly have squeezed into thirty instead of twenty qualifiers. There is no more to be said.

Friday, 20th.—This was a day of excitements, rising higher and higher as the day wore on. In the morning there were two fine rounds of 73 and 74 by Vardon and Mr. Blackwell, and a very moderate 80 by Taylor. In the afternoon all sorts of things happened. First of all Mr. Blackwell played another superb round and went to the head of the list with a 73. Hurrah, for the poor effete amateur! Mr. Blackwell can never have played better, and his putting was wonderfully fine. The contrast between his putting to-day with a club of aluminium and that in his unregenerate days with a cleek is truly remarkable. After Mr. Blackwell came Taylor, fighting for his very existence, every stroke dropped seeming likely to take years off his life and also off those of the spectators. He did not start too well, but after the first four holes played much good golf, and when he lay within a foot of the Dun hole in three and wanted three fours for 74, all seemed well. How he missed that putt I do not know; but he did, and then—oh, final horror!—he hit a very ordinary iron shot right into the vindictive cross-bunker that guards the home green. He had in the end to hole a five-foot putt to qualify, and he just did it. It was agonising to look at; what must it have been to play? Then we had Mr. Graham playing his most absolutely blameless game, with never an iron shot crooked or a long putt not close to the hole. He took fives for the Field, the Lake and the Dun, otherwise he could not possibly have saved a single stroke, and his great 71 made a new record. He only had it all to himself for about half an hour, however, for P. E. Taylor came along with two fours for 70. He took six to the unusually innocuous seventeenth, but got a fine three at the last and so tied with Mr. Graham.

Saturday, 21st, was, as compared with its predecessor, rather tame. The day was perfect for golf, better even than Friday. There were plenty of good scores, but nothing to stir the blood. J. W. Gaudin had two admirable 74's; but somehow

the play left one cold. The best man to watch was Massy, who was full of confidence; his iron play was a dream of beauty, so was his putting, as regards style; but he missed one or two quite short ones. Late in the afternoon both Ray and Mr. Hilton caused some anxiety. Ray added a 76 to his morning's 79; but it was not satisfactory golf. His long game was erratic, and, as he himself said, if he picked a stroke up at one hole, he seemed bound to drop it at the next. His great length and strength pulled him through, but it was not a convincing display. Mr. Hilton had a terrible seven at the new tenth hole, and if he had "cracked" ever so little he must inevitably have failed; but he stuck to it splendidly, putted like a book, and qualified in the end with two shots to spare; quite one of the best things in this championship so far. Now to end with a gratuitous prophecy. If the wind does not blow, almost anything may happen, and we shall very likely have some quite new and quite surprising champion. Andrew Kirkaldy declares that unless the wind gets up the "old men have no chance at all"; further, that in a wind Massy is the greatest player of all. Well, we shall see.

Monday, 23rd.—The events of the day were innumerable, yet it seems possible to boil the description of them all down into one statement. This morning the championship seemed more open than ever; anybody, so people said, might win it. To-night it would seem that there are really only two in it, and those two are Ray and Taylor. This remark may not do justice to Vardon's wonderful powers of spurting—he is seven strokes behind the leader—nor to the skill of Moran, who is but three behind; but Vardon seems to have too much lee-way to make up and Moran is too much of a Celt. As to Taylor and Ray, their golf has offered a marked contrast. Taylor has been the steadier of the two; he has always begun well, and his errors have been of the slightest. Every drive has gone as straight as an arrow, treating the cross-wind with supreme contempt. He has been the Taylor of old. Ray, on the other hand, has shown the most astounding powers of recovery. Twice it has appeared after a thoroughly bad start that he must finish several strokes behind Taylor, and yet in the first round he tied with him, and in the second he finished a stroke in front of him. Ray is so appallingly long and strong that if he only gets a good start—However, we shall see to-morrow.

Tuesday, 24th.—Taylor won his fifth championship, and it was from the beginning to the end of it his day. It was, in the first place, just the sort of day he likes. I do not suppose he actually enjoys being out in horribly cold, driving rain and a great blustering wind, but he knows that other people enjoy it still less. Certainly nothing could have been more uninviting than the wet gale which greeted the morning and lasted more or less during the whole day. Early starters evidently suffered from its evil effects. But in spite of this I never wish to see anything finer than the way in which Taylor started in the teeth of a really blinding storm with 5, 4, 5, 4: it was noble. Ray, who started later, was fortunate in that, though the wind was still blowing, the rain had stopped; he certainly never had such difficulties to contend with as Taylor did, and so it was only right and proper that he who had endured most should win. Throughout the day Taylor played like a winner, but he had some uncomfortable moments, and can never have been easy in his mind till he came up to the Hilbre green in the second round. There he learned that Ray had just taken eight to the third hole, and it had an excellent effect on him, for the first of all nearly holed an enormous putt, and then two holes later did hole a chip outright. After this all was plain sailing, and, as it turned out, Taylor won "by

the length of the street." As he himself has previously remarked, "the only way to win a championship is to win it easily."

B. D.

GOLF AS AN OLYMPIC GAME.

With a zeal for thoroughness and for system which is typically national, the Germans are desirous of having a full scheme prepared against the holding of the Olympic Games in Berlin, which shall include all the essential details touching every sport or game that may possibly or impossibly be embraced by the programme. Into one category or the other—possibles or impossibles—comes golf, and it does not commit us to a decision between these alternatives to recognise that golf will probably appear on the programme soon and that Great Britain is likely to be asked in what mode, in her opinion, an Olympic golf contest should be conducted. The way of cheap wit would be to reply that it should not be conducted at all, but the way of cheap wit is not always that of a practical wisdom. The "to be or not to be" of the golf contest will be decided by the nation holding the games, and we may have our say, and give our counsel, as to the best arrangement without in any way committing ourselves to take active part in it. To do less would not be very gracious.

UNDER WHAT RULES SHOULD IT BE PLAYED?

Probably the mode that we should be disposed to advise is indicated by the methods in vogue for the county championships—that is to say, that there should be a contest, most conveniently by score, between teams representing nations, followed by a tournament, on lines of the amateur championship, between a certain number (bearing a fixed ratio to the total entries) of the lowest scorers. Marks might be given for the result of the team scoring play and they would be added to marks gained by the individual winner. Minor marks might be awarded for second place in the team contest and for beaten finalist and ante-finalists in the individual tournament, and the nation gaining the highest aggregate would be Olympic golf victor for the moment. That is but a suggestion, by way of ground bait for discussion. The selection of the teams presents a question to be answered, but probably a committee appointed by the Royal and Ancient, but, of course, not restricted to Royal and Ancient members, would make a perfectly adequate selection. The financial question presumably is the affair of the British Olympic Association, but if Great Britain refrains from the contest it would not arise, neither would the question of selection. It is just possible that some covering definition of an amateur would have to be drafted, for America and Canada would be probable competitors, even if Great Britain stood aloof, and I believe that Canada adopts our definition which slightly differs from that of the United States Golf Association.

SPECTATORS AND THE LOST BALL.

I understand that at the time of the Ladies' Championship some discussion arose, and some objection was raised, by certain of the officials in charge, about spectators, umpires, referees and every species of camp-follower joining in the search for the errant balls of any of the competitors. Surely they have a courage, these ladies! They are cruelly logical and bring all to the test of the law. It does not seem that there is anything in the rules of the game to prevent outsiders giving this kind of unsolicited first aid, neither is there any hardship, on the opponent of the man or woman whose ball is for the moment lost, involved in their so doing, for the assumption is that if the opponent also loses a ball they will give the like aid in that case also. But where a good deal of inequity does result from this kindly habit of the spectators of spreading themselves out and nosing here and there until they find the ball, like hounds on a lost scent, is in the case of a scoring competition, when each man is against all the field. It has been well said that it is an impossibility for Vardon to lose his ball. A thousand Sherlock Holmeses are after it directly it goes off the rails at all. But this is by no means the case with some pair of humble aspirants who go round accompanied only by their caddies and a reluctant marker. They have no mixed pack to help them in the hunt, and often lose a ball in circumstances where none of the great men, likely champions, possibly could have lost it. That is a real inequity, and it "gives furiously to think" whether the rule were not better altered in some way, so as to put the little men and the great men on more of an equality in this regard. It is in the scoring competitions only that the inequity is so glaring, though it is quite likely that a hole, perhaps involving the match, and possibly the championship, may be saved for a competitor by an outsider finding the wandering ball. It is very possible that the opponent may never deviate so far from the course as to require the assistance. So here again the needs of equity are not quite satisfied under the present dispensation. The custom of the game, of course, permits the assistance of outside seekers, but not every custom is a very good one.

H. G. H.



J. H. TAYLOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KINGFISHERS AND TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think a great many readers of COUNTRY LIFE would be very glad indeed of any assurance that it might be at all possible to keep the kingfishers in the neighbourhood of trout streams. A great deal of interest was evinced lately by the correspondence about the possibility of having herons as neighbours of trout, and the conclusion seemed, on the whole, to be that the birds were not quite as hostile as had been thought to the fish. Just as everybody admires the pearly grey majesty of the herons, they appreciate the brilliant hues of the kingfisher as an enhancement of the beauty of the streams; but hitherto it has generally seemed to be assumed that if a good stock of trout is to be maintained, the kingfisher must be destroyed. I have lately heard an argument to the contrary, which I am sure we should all like, if we may find reason for it, to accept. It is the argument based on actual experience of a man who has allowed the kingfishers to go unmolested on his trout stream. His view is that the birds may be left to themselves to see that their numbers do not become too abundant, because any pair that has established itself in any one part of the stream will hunt all others off it, and that the numbers thus controlled never become so large as to do any appreciable harm to the trout stock. It is such an agreeable theory that I am sure we all should like to adopt it, and anything in support that others of your contributors or readers could advance would be very welcome.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

AN ANCIENT FISHING INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Visitors to the Selsey Bill district to the south of Chichester can hardly fail to be struck by the number of quaint baskets lying about on the foreshore. A typical picture of them is shown in the illustration. They are lowered in the sea by means of weights, and baited so as to attract lobsters and crabs. In this way large numbers of both kinds are entrapped, packed in large baskets and sent by train to the London markets. The peculiar interest of this industry is that it was established considerably more than twelve centuries ago. It was in or soon after the year 681 that St. Wilfrid preached Christianity in Sussex. At Selsey he found the people in dire straits, starving in consequence of a three years' drought, and unable to catch the crustaceans which abounded in the sea close by. St. Wilfrid taught them how to make the special form of basket which would entrap lobsters and crabs, and there is no reason to doubt that the traps he introduced were practically the same in shape and form as those used by the Selsey fishermen to-day.—G. C.

RATCATCHING FOXES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While passing along a street in Leicester the other day I was very interested in seeing the gentleman shown in the enclosed photograph carrying a fox under his arm, and attached to his coat by a chain. Entering into conversation



A RATTING REYNARD.

with him, I found that his name was Mr. J. Gaunt of Ambergate, Derbyshire, that he was a professional ratcatcher and used the fox to assist him in his work. This one was two months old, but he informed me that he always used foxes for this purpose. During the last twenty years he had trained six for this use, and had found them quite as efficient as the terriers, which they assist in killing the rats after they have been bolted by the ferrets. I do not know whether the use of foxes for this purpose is at all general, but it is the first time I have ever heard of them being used for such. In any case, I thought possibly you might like to publish the photograph, which I persuaded him to pose for, showing Jack and his kit, consisting of his two terriers, Beas



THE LOBSTER FISHERY AT SELSEY BILL.

and Smew, both of which he has reared himself, his "ratting" Reynard, ferrets in box, and nets.—F. LUMBERS.

A POPULAR BUILDING SITE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Three years ago, on a ledge in a cart-lodge on one of our farms, a swallow built its nest. In the following season a sparrow took possession of the site, and reared a brood there undisturbed. This year a wren has occupied the same position, building on the ruins of the deserted homes of the previous tenants. Perhaps others of your readers may be able to tell of a similar selection of the same nesting-place by different birds in successive seasons.—T. H. DIPNALL.

STAGS IN NORTH HARRIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Wallace in his excellent article states that the stags from North and South Harris are the smallest of the Island races, and that their weight rarely exceeds nine stone. The following is the average for the last ten years of stags shot in North Harris, weighed with heart and liver:

	Average Weight.		Heaviest Stag.	
	St.	lb.	St.	lb.
1903	12	12	13	4
1904	12	4	14	3
1905	No stalking.			
1906	12	11	16	0
1907	13	1	15	5
1908	12	10	14	8
1909	13	2	16	10
1910	12	6	14	10
1911	12	8	15	6
1912	12	10	15	2

It would be more correct to state that the smallest of the Island races are the stags from the Long Island, the Forests of North Harris and Morsgil in the Lewis March, and the deer go backwards and forwards, while Park is only separated from North Harris by Loch Seaforth, across which the deer have regular passes. The stags of South Harris are heavier than those of North Harris and the Lewis, as they do not interchange, and largely consist of deer imported by the late Lord Dunmore, not the old Island breed.—SAMUEL SCOTT.

PROFITABLE RABBIT FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that in many of the country districts of France—and in the Department of the Alpes Maritimes, where I live, is one of the—a considerable amount of money is made out of white Angora rabbits. The keeping of these pretty animals is a favorite occupation with lady farmers, who, every six weeks, remove the long, silky fur with which the pure-bred Angora

is covered. The accompanying photograph shows one of these ladies at work near the hutches in which some sixty Angoras are kept. I was at first inclined to think that this operation of "plucking" rabbits was cruel, but my informant convinced me that the animals by no means object to it. The fur of the Angora comes out naturally if it is not removed.



PLUCKING ANGORAS.

the *gourmets* of the Midi. As our American cousins would say, the Angora is a very good "business proposition" from start to finish.—FREDERIC LEEs.

A TAME THRUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you care to accept enclosed photograph of myself and thrush for COUNTRY LIFE? I have had him for nearly a fortnight, since an accident befell his mother. He is perfectly at home, and quite devoted to me. I have taken the greatest pains to rear him, feeding him in the early morning and continually through the day. He sleeps in my room, and on the cold mornings has come into my bed for warmth. The other night, for the first time, he slept in a different room, and when I appeared the next morning greeted me with rapturous joy, which he showed by flying on to my head and nestling down in my hair. When I speak to him in endearing tones he runs as fast as his strong little legs will carry him. He examines the lace on my blouse, or any other portion of my dress with great interest, and likes, above all things, to rest on my lap or shoulder. If I am compelled to be absent from him an hour or two he is over-joyed at my return. He accompanies me from room

to room, and is my inseparable companion. His diet is almost entirely of worms, which I procure for him, as he is still unable to feed himself. He is not allowed into the garden on account of the cat-infested neighbourhood—his very tameness would make him a ready prey. I have no intention of caging him, and I suppose next year when spring comes he will have to go to the bird sanctuary. I need not say I shall part from my treasured bird in sorrow.—M. S. HAMILTON.

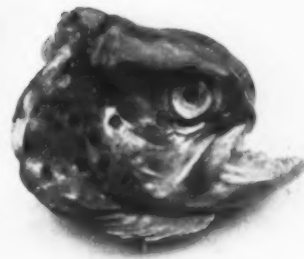
A PUG-NOSED TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a curiously malformed head of a brown trout

detrimental to the trout when obtaining its food, a fact further borne out by its having accepted a natural bait.—SYDNEY H. SMITH.

[The so-called "Pug-nose" or simous malformation alluded to above is a congenital defect or monstrosity pretty frequent in salmon and trout. As such fish often reach a considerable size it is evident that, contrary to what one would expect from the condition of the jaws, they are not prevented from obtaining their food, as your correspondent observes. Similar malformations are known in various other fishes and also in a snake.—Ed.]



A MALFORMED TROUT.

A PLAGUE OF SLUGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We suffer much from the destructiveness of slugs in our garden. The most delicate flowers and vegetables are eaten to the ground. The garden is about three-fourths of an acre in extent, has a stiffish clay subsoil, is at an elevation of five hundred feet above sea-level, and is surrounded by a high, substantially built stone wall. We have tried many methods of getting rid of the enemy—dustings of lime as recommended by an eminent authority, soot, sawdust, as well as patent chemical substances. These all have doubtless done some good, but still the pest remains. According to one nurseryman whom we consulted, all methods should be used, as no one, according to his experience, is sufficient of itself to effect a cure. Handgathering of slugs has yielded large numbers, and such have been put beyond giving further trouble. It is almost incredible the numbers that have been destroyed in this way. A thousand by two individuals have been frequently taken as the result of about one hour's work. The worst of this method is that it has to be pursued in the darkening evenings, with the further disadvantage of a recent rainfall when possible—Lamplight is even suggested as the most suitable time—with all the dreaded results of rheumatics and sore backs. Our latest assistants are a pair of ducks purchased for the purpose. These are turned into the garden and allowed to pick up their living from the slugs, etc., they find. It is difficult to see exactly what they pick up from grass and borders, etc.; but they are most industrious, and evidently they must be picking up many slugs. They keep themselves in good condition with the addition of some water to what they forage for themselves, and as far as we can form an opinion, the slugs are not so numerous since the advent of the ducks. I have tried to state the circumstances. Can any of your readers say if any one of the various "cures" mentioned would in time be effective if used alone, or is there anything better that can be done than has been tried? I shall follow with interest any replies that appear.—W.

[A few weeks ago we referred to the plague of slugs that has been experienced in nearly all parts of the country this year. No doubt this is to a large extent due to the mild winter and damp spring. We must confess that the pest has baffled us, in spite of applications of all the usual remedies such as those mentioned by our correspondent. The drawback to ducks would be their partiality for green crops, such as Lettuce and members of the Cabbage tribe. A dressing of soot or gas-lime dug into and well mixed with, the soil in winter, no doubt exterminates many slugs, the first-named being applied at the rate of two pecks to the square rod and the gas-lime at half that quantity. If gas-lime is applied a crop ought not to be sown or planted in the ground until three months afterwards. Undoubtedly trapping slugs, if persisted in, is the most effective remedy of all, and the trap now on the market known as the "V.T.H." Slug Trap is the best that we know. It is easily set, and quickly kills the slugs that are caught.—Ed.]

A COMBATIVE SHAG.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of a shag in a violent temper. Its nest, containing three young ones, was in a crevice of the rock just below it. When I approached it shook its head violently, raising all its feathers and hissing. It allowed me to get quite close to it. The other birds were not nearly so brave, as they all flew away directly I got anywhere near them.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.



DEFIANCE.



QUITE AT HOME.

caught in the Stillington Beck, near York, a few days ago. The fish measured twelve and three-quarter inches in length, and was in excellent condition. The peculiarly blunt upper jaw was well furnished with teeth, and the bottom jaw appeared to be quite natural, and it is evident the deformity was not in any way

WHITE-HEADED BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My friend, Mrs. Judd of Oxtou, Birkenhead, who keeps a breakfast table, tells me that one year a constant visitor was a blackbird with a bald head. This bird was doubly identified by also having a crippled foot. The following year a constant visitor was a white-headed blackbird with a crippled foot on same side. This is interesting because in the human subject baldness, due to parasitic disease of the scalp, is sometimes followed by a temporary growth of white hair.—FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

GEORGIAN HOUSES IN AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs show two small suburban houses, having about the same general plan, that I have just completed building at Highland Park, near Chicago. One is based on our American colonial style, and the other on what I understand as Queen Anne. May I tell you of what great value I find COUNTRY LIFE in my work. There are no old houses in this locality, and it seems to me that the Georgian style is eminently suitable to the country and life here. I am also enclosing some other photographs of the Queen Anne house which may prove of interest to you.—WALTER FORBES MILLER, Chicago, U.S.A.

[It is gratifying to find that COUNTRY LIFE is as useful to the architect in America as in England. Mr. Miller is to be congratulated on his skilful use of Queen Anne motifs in the pleasant little house we illustrate.—ED.]

A DEVASTATING STORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of fourteen sheep and lambs killed by a



STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

flash of lightning last week in my park at Knapton Hall, Yorkshire. This may be of interest to your readers.—E. L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

A FISHERMAN BORN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Strolling one evening along the banks of a certain Scottish river, I secured the enclosed photograph. The fisher is a typical local figure, whose un-sporting attire—bowler hat, every-day business suit, trousers rolled up to the knee to prevent anything from being wetted but his boots and homespun socks—did not preclude him from utterly outwitting the more appropriately-garbed anglers who patronise the same stretch of river in the holiday season. This fisher broke, so to speak, all the conventions: he cast straight down-stream (wet fly, of course), carried neither basket nor landing-net, whipped out the trout and popped them into his jacket pocket—and brought home an amazing dishful whenever he condescended to desert his village shop for the river. The trout were small; but that was not his fault: no one, however equipped, ever caught larger ones than he did. As I watched him he took fish after fish. It looked absurdly easy. But, further down, a city-bred visitor, armed with every device known to anglers, shouted to me from the middle of the river that he had caught not a fish; the trout "weren't rising."—M.

PROTECTIVE COLORATION OF THE MOUTHS OF NESTLING BIRDS.

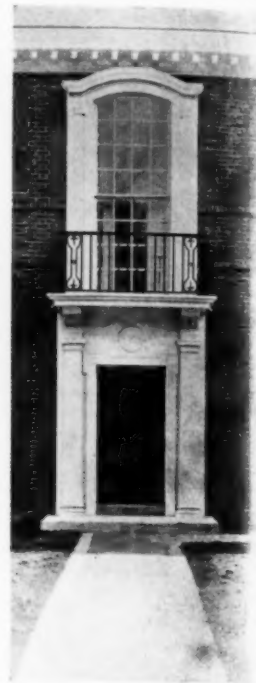
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Much attention has been paid during recent years to the conspicuous coloration and markings of

the buccal cavity of many nestling birds, particularly the smaller passerines. It is thought by Mr. W. P. Pycraft that these features have been developed to serve as guide-marks to the parents when feeding their young, and the point is urged with that author's accustomed skill (cf.



A NEW HOUSE, NEAR CHICAGO.



A GEORGIAN DOORWAY.

"British Birds," I., page 131). Perhaps I may be permitted to offer an alternative explanation. I believe the coloration and markings to be protective characters, the intention being to alarm possible enemies. For some time after they are hatched, nestlings with brightly coloured mouths open them instantly and simultaneously upon the least disturbance. The mouths themselves are extraordinarily capacious in relation to the size of their possessors, and the sight of them may well deter a furred or feathered marauder that happens to be near. At any rate, the gaping mouths alarm children on seeing them for the first time, as I have several times proved. The bright colour, usually some form of yellow, centres attention on the mouth, and thus the helpless state of the nestling goes unperceived, while the size of the mouth and its sudden opening tend to intimidate the disturber. The effect is heightened in a variety of ways. For instance, the tongue sometimes bears barb-like prolongations at the back, and these prolongations are picked out in some colour in marked contrast to that of the rest of the tongue. The roof of the mouth also may bear conspicuous spots, while the edges of the gape at the angles are nearly always swollen. The term "alarming colours" may be applied to the type presented by the mouths of nestling birds, to distinguish them from the "warning colours" of reptiles, insects, etc., which are always associated with some noxious quality.—W. R. BUTTERFIELD.

[The weight of evidence seems strongly to support the view promulgated by Mr. Pycraft, that these markings were developed to serve as guide-marks to the parents when feeding the young. But it is quite possible, as Mr. Butterfield suggests, that the conspicuous coloration which the mouths of such nestlings present may also serve as warning colours, inspiring fear in would-be enemies. There are many instances of coloration serving such a double purpose. Mr. Butterfield has drawn attention to a very interesting point.—ED.]



UNCONVENTIONAL METHODS.

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